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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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PRINCE HENRY AND GENERAL YONG.

THIS RARE PICTURE WAS TAKEN LAST SUMMER IN CHINA, WHEN THE PRINCE WAS THE GUEST OF THE DISTINGUISHED CHINESE STATESMAN, VICEROY OF AMOY.



SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE WEEK

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1902



A Sermon with an Application.

TRUE MASTERY begins with one's self. It means the mastery of all situations and on all occasions, whether in the humblest home or in the White House. Power in public will depend upon the control you have gained in private life. Character is what you are in the dark. Master self at home or when alone, and the habit is formed which no sudden provocation in the presence of others can disturb. When a man has a grip on himself he may conquer the greatest powers in the world.

Passion itself is not bad; it is passion gone mad—the trolley-car run wild, the lake that bursts the dam, the fire that sweeps forest and city, the horse that takes the bit—which does the damage. We want power, but we want it controlled. We are fascinated when we see it in action. That is the reason, when the train thunders by, that the farmer rests at his plow to signal with his hand, and the lads and lassies cheer as they swing their caps and bouquets, and the wife and mother, standing in the doorway of the old homestead, waves her apron, and even the cradled babe kicks and crows.

We want passion, we want power, but we don't expect to hold a "Cresceus" with hemp string. Do not be discouraged because you have a hot temper. Boil, if you must, but don't explode. There is no great virtue, however, in having no explosive power. You can't speed an ocean liner with a canoe paddle. We need to master the tongue. Once upon a time there was a King who was rash enough to say that he purposed not to transgress with his mouth. He evidently knew the trouble. We wonder how he succeeded. It is a comfort to think that this King with his resplendent throne was obliged to learn the control of his tongue, just as common folk do, by mastering his own spirit. It is a lesson that every President, too, should learn.

In contrast with the talk of the officers of our army and navy to-day is the remarkable self-possession of General Grant. He could keep silent under trial and was content to leave his fame to posterity. During the seven days of bloody battle in the Wilderness there were loud cries of angry accusation and demands that Grant be removed. But Lincoln declared that Grant was a fighter and could not be spared. The face of the commander-in-chief caught at that time was a wonderful study. The haggard countenance, the burning look of the eyes, the deep lines of thought and anxiety which seemed to cut into the man's soul, plainly showed the mighty sorrow which he was bearing without complaint and almost alone. But over all could be read the grim courage and the will of iron which proclaimed that the man was master! McKinley's gentleness made him great. "Out of silence comes thy strength."

We all need to master the body. There are proper desires to be satisfied, but the moment we leave them unrestrained they run riot and we are helpless. Athletics have shown what an admirable physique may be the outcome of a well-guarded body. Begin early to keep the appetites under. They have a bothersome way of striking back if we misuse them or of asserting their indulgence when we wish they wouldn't. Polite tipping breeds common drunkards. Science proves it.

The will has tremendous influence over the body. A contractor of New York tells this incident: "Two of my men were repairing a steeple. A sudden gust of wind caused one to spill some molten lead on the hand and arm of his comrade who was supporting him. The brave fellow never flinched, but had the grit to remain motionless while the fire burned into his flesh." This man was a hero. The mind may be developed to master the body. Get all the education you can. Strengthen the mind by study, then broaden it by travel.

We need to master the heart. Set the standard high. Keep yourself in the best of company of books and men. What men love masters them. When the love of men is for supreme ideals they shall find the true mastery.

America's Royal Visitors.

WHEN THE Prince of Wales, the present Edward VII., made that five weeks' tour in the United States in 1860, which began at Detroit, into which he entered from Canada, and which carried him through Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Portland, Me., the recollection of it for Americans was obscured for the time by the exciting presidential canvass, then under way, and by the mighty four years' civil conflict which took place immediately afterward. Yet that visit had political consequences which affected the course of history. It was one of the influences which held England out of the intervention (a majority of the governing class favored it) which was proposed by France (a majority of whose people was against it) in favor of the South in the war of 1861-65.

The welcome extended to Albert Edward by the United States was a powerful factor in the scale which swayed his parents, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, toward America's side and defeated the desire of Premier Palmerston and the bulk of the British nobility to assist

in splitting up the Union and in destroying a formidable trade rival of England.

Prince Henry's visit has a meaning of another sort. It shows, as did the deference of the Berlin government to the Monroe doctrine in the recent Venezuelan case, that Germany is anxious to remove the distrust of the United States on account of the large German immigration into Brazil and one or two other South American countries, which some European writers say is a menace to those nations' independence. It is, moreover, a diplomatic recognition by one of the oldest, most powerful, and most autocratic royal houses of Europe, that America ranks with the greatest of the great countries, and that America's President is equal in dignity and power to the most august of the world's sovereigns. It may also be an intimation that Germany's Emperor himself, who is less fettered by tradition and convention than is any other crowned head of the present day, may pay us a call in the near future—perhaps during the approaching St. Louis World's Fair—and thus win the distinction of being the first reigning monarch of a great nation (Dom Pedro of Brazil and King Kalakaua of Hawaii, of course, do not count in this connection) to set foot on United States soil.

Royal visits to America, like angel's visits, are few and far enough apart to be of great social interest. They may also have political consequences and proclaim concessions and acknowledgements which entitle them to a place in the world's history.

Mayor Low and the Sunday Saloon.

IT WAS audacious in the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst to intimate that a mayor like Seth Low would not enforce the law. When the pugnacious clergyman challenged the mayor on the subject of Sunday opening, he might have expected to receive precisely what he got. The response of Mayor Low is a stinging rebuke. It shows that Dr. Parkhurst, in intimating that the Sunday-closing law has been deliberately ignored by the reform administration, was altogether wrong. Mayor Low says that the law has been enforced and will continue to be enforced "as one of the general body of laws," but that the administration "will not concentrate the entire police force on this one law and let all the other laws go by the board."

With the inauguration of Mayor Low he gave his pledge faithfully to perform his public duties. These duties, obviously embrace the enforcement of every statute that stands upon the books. Since his inauguration a more wholesome atmosphere has pervaded the city in every department. The streets have been cleaner, the Sundays have been more orderly, concert saloons have closed, and the keepers of gambling places and disorderly houses have beaten a hasty retreat from the frightful publicity which they deliberately invited during the Tammany regime. There has been a perceptible awakening of city pride and of hopeful anticipation in a better future for Greater New York.

The Sunday-closing question is not the only one before this administration; it is one of the many serious problems. It is of less consequence, by far, than the establishment of honesty and efficiency in all the great departments of the city. To this task, most properly, the mayor has first addressed himself, and the results are already being shown. Sinecures are disappearing, corrupt and incompetent subordinates are being dismissed, the books are being opened and scrutinized, efficiency is taking the place of apathy and indifference in public office, and the moral tone of the office-holder is decidedly higher than it had been in this city for many years.

At such a time, when prodigious tasks, involving the closest care of the public funds and of all the various departments of the public service, are falling upon Mayor Low, it is unfair to insist, as Dr. Parkhurst and a few other one-idea men appear to do, that all the forces of the administration must be concentrated upon the detection and punishment of saloon-keepers who insist on doing a sneaking, side-door business, in violation of the law, on Sundays. The excise laws should and will be enforced. They are sufficient, as they stand, to meet the emergency. The demand should not be for additional legislation but for proper compliance with the existing statute. Fair-minded men are seeking for less legislation and more reasonable enforcement of the law. This might properly be the attitude of Mayor Low, for Governor Odell's sensible conclusion not to permit the making of the excise question in New York a local issue, is irrevocable.

It behooves all law-abiding citizens, therefore, to abandon the needless agitation for additional legislation, and to accept the straightforward declaration of Mayor Low as sufficient. If justifiable complaints of the failure of public officials in any department to perform their duties are made to the mayor, no one doubts that he will listen patiently and act promptly. To ask him to make the saloon question the sole or even the primary subject of his endeavor, is to minimize the great responsibilities of his public office and to magnify a minor issue. The garrulous crowd of trouble-seekers who follow in the

wake of Parkhurst, apparently enjoy the notoriety which their proclamations attract. Public clamor is not always an indication of public opinion. Noise does not always indicate numbers, and the man who is silent sometimes accomplishes much more than he who shouts. There is a world of truth in the recent remark of ex-Governor Black "that we can learn quite as much by observing as by listening."

The Plain Truth.

WHILE INCONSIDERATE persons in New York are denouncing the "hayseeds," by which name they stigmatize the Republicans of the rural districts, the fact should not escape public observation that Governor Odell, himself one of the despised hayseeds, has just removed the sheriff of Erie County from office, on the complaint of Buffalo clergymen that he permitted poolrooms to run, in spite of repeated protests. In taking this action Governor Odell recognized the fact that the removal of a constitutional officer elected by the people is always a dangerous procedure, but, in rendering this opinion, he adds that "there are but few laws on our statute books which should be more rigorously enforced than those against gambling, because it is too often the beginning of the downfall of men holding responsible fiduciary positions." This utterance of Governor Odell justifies the conclusion that Mayor Low will find in the Executive a powerful ally in the work of suppressing the gambling resorts that so flagrantly disgraced the Greater New York under Tammany rule.

SENATOR FRYE is a man who is not given to speaking "unadvisedly with his lips" even at club dinners, and much less in carefully written letters, and we may, therefore, credit him with uttering the exact truth, nothing more nor less, when he enters a positive denial to the glib assertion recently made by Bishop Potter at a church club banquet that the prohibitory law has educated "a race of frauds and hypocrites," and that statistics show that the people of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are larger consumers of certain preparations containing from 17 to 61 per cent. of alcohol than the people "anywhere else in the country." It will not do to say that Senator Frye comes from Maine, a prohibition State, and is therefore prejudiced and bound to defend his State at any cost. His character and reputation forbid such a reflection. Whether the prohibitory law is right or wrong a man should be careful when he proceeds to indict several States full of people on the strength of "statistics" which no one seems to have heard of before.

NEW JERSEY has done itself great credit by the selection of the Hon. John F. Dryden for the seat in the Senate made vacant by the death of the late General Sewall. Mr. Dryden will be a distinct addition to the strength of the Republican side of the house. Of New England extraction he studied at Yale and was first inclined to the practice of the law, but finally taking up the subject of life insurance, he formulated an industrial insurance system which the Prudential Company, of which he has been president for many years, has carried out with extraordinary success. Under Mr. Dryden's direction it has grown into one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the country. Its success has given him a leading place among the notable insurance men of his time. As an organizer of banks and other financial institutions, Senator Dryden has also distinguished himself and given repeated evidences of his masterful management, his industry, and comprehensive grasp of perplexing situations. A clean-cut, logical speaker, a business man of the highest standing, and a close student of public opinion, he will be counted in the Senate as one of its strong personalities.

ANew PHASE of the irrepressible and apparently insoluble race problem in the South is presented in the action of a body of business men in Meridian, Miss., including the Mayor of the city, who recently waited upon a representative of the American Federation of Labor and warned him that if he continued his efforts to organize the negroes of that section into labor unions he would be compelled to leave town. It should be said, in this connection, that trade unionism has thus far made little progress in the South, either among whites or blacks, a fact to which the South owes the freedom it has hitherto enjoyed from strikes, boycotts, and other labor difficulties that have hampered industry and caused a sacrifice of so much property and so many lives in the Northern States. It might be supposed that the industrial advancement of the South would have been promoted by this condition of things, and no doubt it has a decided advantage in its cheap labor. The Meridian business men claim that the negroes are receiving good wages and that nothing but trouble would ensue from organizing them into labor unions. On the other hand, the American Federation of Labor asserts that the negroes are forced to accept low and inadequate wages and are miserably treated. The truth probably lies somewhere between these positions. Perhaps the new arbitration committee, of which Senator Hanna is chairman, may help to reconcile these differences.

People Talked About



PROFESSOR HENRY P. OSBORN,
The well-known paleontologist.

PROFESSOR HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, of New York has recently been made Paleontologist of the United States Geological Survey, to take the place of Professor O. C. Marsh, deceased, of Yale University. Professor Osborn is second vice-president of the American Museum of Natural History of Central Park. He established the department of vertebrate paleontology at the Museum in 1890, at which time he was called from Princeton to take the chair of biology of Columbia University. He continues to retain the curatorship of the department, where he will conduct his investigations for the United States, as was the custom of Marsh to do at Yale. Professor Osborn, although a young man, has been one of the most active citizens of New York City. He has been president of the New York Academy of Sciences and has held important positions in other institutions. It is at the American Museum, however, that he has demonstrated the great ability to take the place in the scientific world vacated by the deaths of Professor Edward Cope of the University of Pennsylvania and Professor Othniel C. Marsh of Yale. It is one of the curiosities of fate that he should succeed these two men who were bitter enemies, and as the pupil of each of them, may ultimately reconcile and harmonize the vast differences of nomenclature and species they left as legacies to science. While they lived he confined his investigations more particularly to the evolution of gigantic extinct mammals of the fauna of the tertiary deposits of the West. Later he has entered their field and continued their researches of gigantic extinct dinosaurs, or land lizards, and the great extinct sea serpents, or mosasaurs. By his numerous expeditions in the West, and purchases, he has constructed a wonderful and enormous display of gigantic extinct monsters at the Museum. His connection with the government will enable him to vastly enlarge the collections in New York. Professor Osborn is a millionaire. He married the daughter of William E. Dodge, who is first vice-president of the American Museum. Socially he is one of the "400," and during last summer had J. P. Morgan's daughter with himself and family on his explorations in the Rocky Mountains.

Alexander McDowell, clerk of the lower house of Congress, is a capitalist. He made his first money in oil. He was a poor printer. One day he quit his case and boarded a steamboat for Pittsburg. The first man he met there was a peddler with a stock of gold-plated jewelry. McDowell bought the stock, returned to Oil City and sold out at a net profit of \$500. He invested all in oil while the boom was on. His success dated from his transaction with the peddler.



MRS. ALFRED MAC FADYEN,
The protector of working children.

isting evils. She lifts the whole question of child labor from out the narrow limits of political policy. She transcends altogether simply the commercial features of the fight, and places the whole subject on a plane where it must be not only looked upon, but actually discussed as a great national—a great world problem. She is not, in the narrow sense of the term, a representative of any labor organization, but she does work through labor organizations, and as their representative brings a practical interest into the work which wonderfully stimulates the interest of the audience she addresses, while it does not in any sense make her appear as the advocate of one element against another. Anyone disposed to think slightly or even to ignore the sociological movement

that has its centre among the students of the great universities and colleges, need only hear a subject of social interest presented by such a speaker as Mrs. Macfadyen to realize that in the future all phases of social policy must be tested through this new, this scientific method.

Few millionaires enjoy their fortune more than former Secretary of the Navy Whitney. He said to a friend who had criticised Mr. Whitney's lavish outlay on a reception: "I have the money and can afford these expenditures. They are one of my ways of helping people. It is better to give employment than alms. I believe it to be the duty of every rich man to spend as much as he can afford, and to help trade along; then all will prosper."



MISS RICE,
The original of Mr. Gibson's "Widow."

hair. She is nearly six feet tall and her figure is of extraordinary beauty. Mr. Gibson, in drawing Miss Rice, did not idealize her at all. Every sketch of her is a perfect portrait.

Justin McCarthy, just entering on his seventy-second year, says his life is best described by that of a writer who remarked that his life was divided into two parts—one part was when he was set down as too young for everything which he undertook, and the second part when he was admonished that he was growing too old for anything and everything which he felt inclined to attempt.

WILLIAM LORIMER,

who has recently come into prominence in Western politics as being President Roosevelt's closest ally in Chicago and Cook County, is a remarkable development of strenuous Western life. Mr. Lorimer represented the Second Illinois district, including a part of Chicago, in Congress for three terms. He is said to have organized the 125 Congressmen who demanded the war with Spain. For Chicago he secured the improvement of its harbor and the building of the Chicago drainage canal. He was defeated for Congress in 1900, but his friends assert that under the new Congressional reapportionment Mr. Lorimer will undoubtedly be returned in 1902. He began his career as a newsboy and bootblack. He rose through packing-house employé and street car conductor to be a wealthy real estate dealer, brick manufacturer, railroad contractor, and the foremost political figure in Illinois. To-day he is credited with being absolute dictator in Republican politics in Chicago and Cook County, and, with Governor Richard Yates and Congressman Albert J. Hopkins, is in control of the State Republican machine. Mr. Lorimer fought his way to the front from childhood unaided. He earned his own education, working by day to study in night schools and at odd times. He is still a great student and devotes his spare time to acquiring information on literature, science, art, and national affairs.

The late Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota was asked by President McKinley what he thought of the appointment of General Joe Wheeler in the army during the war with Spain. "I think it would be one of the best appointments you could make, Mr. President," replied Davis, frankly. "I am a living witness of Wheeler's grit and persistence. During the Rebellion he chased me like the very devil through five states."

THIS IS the original of "The Widow" made famous by Charles Dana Gibson. Not until this autumn was it known to the public that the beautiful original of the fascinating "Widow" was Miss Florence Rice, of Washington, whom Madrazo painted and said was the most beautiful girl who had ever sat to him. Miss Rice is but twenty years of age, yet she has already become something of an international beauty, for she was quite the rage in London last year. She has a very creamy, beautiful complexion, gray eyes, and dark brown



CONGRESSMAN LORIMER,
Who has risen from newsboy to millionaire.

IT WAS recently reported that the project to establish a new Jewish theological seminary in New York City would have to be abandoned for financial reasons, but all doubts and difficulties in regard to this point have been dispelled by the generous action of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the well known financier who has given a plot of ground as a site for the institution, together with a sufficient sum for the erection of the building itself. These gifts ensure the erection of the seminary at an early date, thus meeting a great and long-felt need in the Jewish religious circles in this country. A movement is on foot also toward raising an endowment fund for the equipment and maintenance of the seminary when completed. The site conferred by Mr. Schiff is on Morningside Heights in close proximity to Columbia University, the most beautiful and commanding location for such an institution within the bounds of Greater New York. His act of beneficence is only one of a long succession of similar acts to be credited to Mr. Schiff. He has given liberally and unstintingly for years, of his time, energy and means, to the promotion of various educational, humanitarian, and philanthropic enterprises in New York City, and elsewhere, and has also been closely identified with numerous societies working in the cause of better municipal government. He has been for years a member of the famous banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and is one of New York's ablest and most eminent financiers. He is an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, the City Reform Club, and a member or officer of numerous civic, charitable, educational, and financial organizations.

When Lord Kelvin was on his schooner-yacht, Lalla Rookh, in West India waters, he got up a system of simplifying the method of signals at sea. He asked Miss Crum, whom he greatly admired, and who was the daughter of his host, if she understood his code. She said she did. "If I sent you a signal," he asked, "from my yacht, do you think you could read it and could answer?"

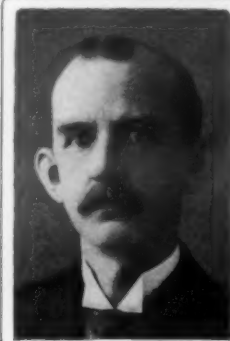
"Well, I would try," she responded.

The signal was sent, and she did succeed in making it out and in transmitting the reply. The question was: "Will you marry me?" and the answer was: "Yes."

IN DECLINING the call to a Cabinet office extended to him by President Roosevelt, Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, undoubtedly acted from that high sense of duty which has characterized his entire life, public and private. He felt that he could be of greater service to the people who had twice elected him Governor of their State by large majorities, by remaining in his present office than he could by accepting the Treasury portfolio with its heavier burdens and wider opportunities. Governor Crane's record thus far is as brilliant as that of any Chief Executive Massachusetts has ever had, and this is saying much for a State which has been remarkable for the number of illustrious statesmen it has had at its helm in times past. If he continues to grow as rapidly in strength and popularity for the next two years as he has in the past two, Governor Crane will be in a position to accept some higher office than a Cabinet appointment at the end of his term if he cares for it. As Governor of the Old Bay State he has distinguished himself by his independence, his wise economy, and his keen and far-seeing business judgment. Like Governor Odell, of New York, he has used a pruning knife to good effect among the sinecures and useless commissions which have absorbed and wasted public money, and, judging from his recent inaugural, he proposes to follow up his pruning exercise during his present term of office with a vigorous hand. During his first year as Governor he saved the State from a loss of over \$3,000,000 by his shrewd management in the sale of 50,000 shares of Fitchburg railroad stock owned by the Commonwealth.



MR. JACOB H. SCHIFF,
The eminent financier and public-spirited citizen.—Dufont.



GOV. W. MURRAY CRANE,
One of the few men who have declined a place in the Cabinet.
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Two Prominent Figures in the Coming Visit of Prince Henry

Dr. von Holleben Admiral von Seckendorff

By Charlotte M. Conger



CHARLOTTE M. CONGER.
(Clinedinst.)

THE GERMAN EMPEROR has made a study of men. He knows human nature as it is given to few to know it, and to that knowledge is united the subtle understanding and sympathy called instinct, peculiar to women, rarely met with in men. These attributes are responsible for the excellence of his official appointments; and the success and brilliancy of his reign are in no small part due to the high character of the men who are at the head of the great departments of his government. An instance of his acumen in this regard is the present representative of Germany in the United States. No diplomatist from across the sea was ever more acceptable to this

government, no diplomatic agent was ever more assiduous in cultivating friendly relations. In the long years of his service here Dr. von Holleben has studied the people to whom he is accredited, is charitable to their faults, admires their virtues, frankly likes them, and through his agency Germany is better understood and appreciated in the United States to-day than at any time before.

Dr. von Holleben is not only a diplomatist but a scholar and a soldier. He carried away honors from the Frederick William Gymnasium, from Heidelberg, where he graduated as Doctor Juris, Berlin, Göttingen, and still bears the scars, so dear to the German student's heart, of his prowess in corps duels.

In the Franco-Prussian war he was a gallant officer of the Body Guard Hussar Regiment, and for his services in that struggle was decorated with the iron cross. His diplomatic career began in 1872, when he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires at Peking, whence he was transferred to Tokio. In 1876 he was advanced to the rank of minister and was accredited to Buenos Ayres, returning to Tokio as minister in 1885. His regime there was a notable one and his fame is permanently established in Japan. Dr. von Holleben succeeded Count Arco Valley as minister to the United States in 1892, but after a brief service, during which he acted as Commissioner to the World's Fair, he was appointed to Stuttgart. In 1897 he returned to Washington as Ambassador, succeeding Baron Thielman.

The German ambassador belongs to the school of modern diplomacy, is frank and direct in his intercourse with the people, and speaks seemingly without reserve. In appearance he is above the medium height, has the carriage of a soldier, the face of a scholar. At the official reception at the White House he wears usually the uniform of the Red Hussar Guard instead of the diplomatic dress, and at the head of his staff, all of them in military or court uniforms, presents an imposing appearance. Dr. von Holleben, unlike some of his colleagues, is not "a looker in Vienna," but takes an active interest in all about him. He is a constant and generous host, and so accomplished in this role that the absence of a hostess—the ambassador is a bachelor—at the embassy table is scarcely noticed.

Since the announcement of Prince Henry's proposed visit, Dr. von Holleben has received invitations from all parts of the country including the prince and his suite, but while deeply appreciating the good will that prompts them, the limited stay of the Emperor's brother in this country will prevent their acceptance. The distinguished visitor and his suite will be entertained at the German embassy, which occupies a commanding position in one of the fashionable avenues of the West End. It was built by Major Ferguson, former American minister to Sweden, and bought and remodeled some years ago by Dr. von Holleben, who was then minister. The interior is spacious and richly furnished. The Japanese salon, hung with rare embroideries and filled with curios collected by the ambassador while he was in the Orient, is one of the most noted rooms in town, and the state dining-room, with its massive furnishings, its chief ornament an excellent portrait of the Emperor, is an imposing apartment.

Dr. von Holleben will be assisted in entertaining the prince by his staff, which is a large and distinguished one. Count Quadt, the first secretary, is a talented son of one of the old mediocrized families, and was accredited to this post about two years ago. He is an accomplished linguist and his knowledge of English has been especially helpful to him since he has acted as Chargé d'Affaires in the ambassador's absence. His wife, the daughter of a distinguished Italian diplomatist, has not returned to Washington this year, the only woman in the embassy circle being Madame von Rebeur-Paschwitz, wife of the naval attaché. Her husband, who bears the rank of lieutenant commander, is one of the most promising young officers of the German navy, and was sent by his government on a special mission to follow and report upon the Cuban-Spanish war. From the beginning to the end of the struggle he was a guest on our ships and won the regard and admiration of his American colleagues by his keen

knowledge of naval affairs, his amiability and bonhomie. His report to his home government, an exhaustive and able document, gained him recognition and promotion, besides the appointment of naval aide to the ambassador. The other members of the embassy staff are: Count Haecke, who is at present absent in Europe; Count von Montgelas, Rittmeister Baron von Kep-herr, First Lieutenant Schroen, and Lieutenant Count von Arnim.

The German ambassador is a warm friend of the Emperor, and commenting upon this the other day a distinguished visitor from the fatherland told the following story to illustrate the Emperor's good nature. "Once a year," he said, "the Emperor attends shooting parties of Landrath Dietz at Darby, where the game of skat, to which he is much devoted, occupies the evenings. The stakes were very low, as the Emperor discountenances playing cards for high stakes, but one of the guests, a noted lawyer, had the bad luck to lose twenty marks. Laughingly he exclaimed, 'Ah, I have got into a regular den of robbers.' The Emperor joined with the rest in laughing heartily at this charge, but the following year when his Majesty went again to Darby, he sought out the lawyer, and placing in his hand a handsome scarf-pin—a twenty-mark piece set in diamonds—said tersely, 'Restored by the robbers.'"

The Drama in New York.

THE newest attractions in New York include "Maid Marian," a sequel to "Robin Hood," which the Bostonians have brought out in an admirable way at the Garden Theatre. The opera is the work of Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith. Mr. Barnabee, Grace van Studdiford, Belle Harper, and Adele Raftor have the principal parts. Amelia Bingham's company has reappeared at the Bijou, in "Lady Margaret," a play which the dress-makers will particularly enjoy, for it is mainly an exhibition of gowns and frocks. Miss Lulu Glaser had an uproarious reception at the Herald Square in the new comic opera, "Dolly Varden," in which she has made her best hit so far. The music is lively, the dancing good, and the performance long enough to satisfy anybody.

The revival of "Florodora," at the Winter Garden of the New York Theatre, means simply a continuation of the most popular musical comedy that New York has had in many a year. It looks as if it would run on forever.

It does not speak well for the popular taste and judgment that Louis Mann has had to set aside his remarkable play of "The Red Kloof," in favor of such a trifling and inconsiderate farce as "All On Account of Eliza." "The Red Kloof" was a creation of genius, and I hope some day that it may be revived at a Broadway Theatre, so as to give the public another chance to prove that it appreciates a really good thing when it sees it.

Everyone agrees that Francis Wilson is about at his best in Sammy Gigg, the tiger, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, where "The Toreador" has entered upon a very successful run.

"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," at the Broadway Theatre, the spectacular performance imported from London, still continues to dazzle the people, young and old.

One of the few good fencers on the stage is Kyrle Bellew. The manner in which he disposes of half a dozen opponents in the famous staircase contest, in "A Gentleman of France," at Wallack's, will satisfy anyone of Bellew's skill with the foils. But for this strong act, the play would not be anything like the success which it is. The cast is not particularly noticeable for its strength. JASON.

Planning Our National Defence.

THE PLAN of the national defence outlined by Colonel William Carey Sanger, Assistant Secretary of War, at a recent meeting of the Society of Colonial Wars in New York City, is the evident outcome of careful study of the needs of our military system disclosed by the events of the past few years. The Spanish-American war brought out startling proof of the inadequacy of our military establishment to successfully cope with sudden and great emergencies, so far at least as the aid of state troops was concerned. The difficulty came about through no lack of bravery on the part of our citizen soldiery nor any unwillingness to do their full duty in the field, but chiefly through the lack of a practical knowledge of military tactics and manœuvres conducted on a large scale by a full army corps and also from a lack of officers trained in a knowledge of the same things. The plan of defence described by Colonel Sanger aims at the correction of these very faults. "The aim," as he declared, "is to establish a school of instruction for officers. From this, those who are most proficient will be sent to service schools devoted to artillery, infantry, and cavalry. The men who make the best records in these schools, as well as in actual service, will be sent to the War College. In this way our officers will attain theoretical and practical knowledge of the highest order." The adoption of this plan will bring our military system to as high a grade of strength and efficiency as our navy, and nothing more could be desired than that.

THE CHIEF functionary on Prince Henry's staff which will accompany him to the United States will be Vice-Admiral Freiherr von Seckendorff, retired, who was the prince's naval tutor and is now the marshal of his court, his wife holding the same relative position to the princess.

Admiral von Seckendorff comes from the distinguished family of that name which had its origin in Franconia and counts among its members Joachim Ludwig von Seckendorff, an officer in the Swedish service who was executed by Gustavus Adolphus for an alleged attempt to desert with his regiment to the German flag; Veit Ludwig von Seckendorff, the historian, and the celebrated Field Marshal Frederick Heinrich, the story of whose life is one of the most exciting romances in history. Carlyle has written brilliantly of this great soldier and statesman, but having taken his material from Pöllnitz, whose hatred for the field marshal is well known, his account is not always to be relied upon.



M. G. SECKENDORFF,
Cousin of Admiral von
Seckendorff.—Staler.

In the early days of Germany the Seckendorffs formed an alliance with the Hohenzollerns long before that family had attained a royal position, and for several hundred years these two houses have been connected by bonds of friendship. In all the wars of Germany the Seckendorffs have played an honored part, and in nearly every generation this family has been represented in the diplomatic service. It was natural, therefore, that the Emperor Frederick should have selected as the tutor for his son, this young lieutenant, the cadet of a noble house, whose ancestors had loyally and faithfully served his ancestors. Time has confirmed the excellence of his choice, and in the German service to-day there is no more honored official than Prince Henry's Hofmarschall.

The Seckendorff coat-of-arms is a spray of eight linden leaves on a shield, surmounted by a helmet bearing a motto, "Folia ejus non defluent." The story of its origin is one of the prettiest legends that have come down to us. Emperor Arunlf of Kärthen, who reigned in the tenth century, was hunting the aurochs in the forests of his domains attended by his suite, among them one Seckendorff, and coming upon a great ox, wounded him with a well-sent arrow, but failed to kill the beast, which, maddened by the wound, rushed upon the defenseless Emperor. Seckendorff, coming up at that instant, interposed, killed the ox and bound up the wounds of his royal companion with the leaves of a linden tree under which he had fallen, whereupon he was knighted, and adopted the linden leaves as the arms of his family.

Admiral von Seckendorff is a cousin of Count Seckendorff, marshal of the late Dowager Empress Frederick's court, whose brother, Mr. M. G. Seckendorff, is the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. Admiral von Seckendorff's brothers are also in the service of the state, Freiherr Gustave von Seckendorff being aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and Freiherr Edwin von Seckendorff having made a creditable record in the consular and diplomatic service.

Admiral von Seckendorff's connection with Prince Henry's court began when the latter was a mere lad, and he undertook to educate him for a naval career. Since then they have been rarely separated. The prince has for his former tutor the warmest friendship and admiration, and attributes to him the skill he has gained in naval affairs. The admiral is a handsome man, fifty-three years old, with a fine carriage and genial manners. He has sailed with his charge from one end of the world to the other, and twice before has visited America.

Schwab's Big Salary Earned.

THE FACT that Mr. Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, "heads the world's pay-roll," as the New York Herald puts it, with a salary of \$225,000, a sum more than double that paid to the chief executives of other great corporations whose remuneration has been considered generous, and nearly twice the salary of the President of France, need occasion no surprise, nor does it argue extravagance on the part of the corporation to which Mr. Schwab gives his services. Considering the enormous capital invested in the steel business controlled by this company, the vast range and complexity of the interests involved, and all the heavy responsibilities going with the direction of such an enterprise, the salary paid is proportionately no greater, if it is not actually less, than that received by other kings, potentates, and captains of industry. Men capable of governing republics like France are not so rare as men who have the gifts required to successfully conduct a gigantic business enterprise such as that over which Mr. Schwab presides, and such laborers, like all others, are "worthy of their hire."



MRS. HOWARD GOULD.

A NEW PICTURE OF THE WIFE OF THE YOUNG NEW YORK MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, SON OF THE LATE JAY GOULD.
BEFORE HER MARRIAGE SHE WAS KATHERINE CLEMMONS.—*Photograph by Aime Dupont.*

A Visit to the Peanut King of the World

By Helen Gray

A VISIT TO a peanut farm in the great tidewater section of Virginia or North Carolina, at picking time, is an attractive diversion. While in antebellum days on a few Southern plantations these nuts were raised to a limited extent, the industry has practically sprung up since '76, growing steadily in importance until the present time, when it forms the principal money crop of several counties in these States.

There are people living in Virginia and North Carolina to-day who remember when peanuts were cultivated in gardens, more or less as a curiosity, or simply for home consumption. Gradually, to suit the demand that sprung up, the patches were enlarged, until now entire farms may be seen devoted to their culture.

In its different homes the peanut is also known by the names of ground-nut, earthnut, pindar, goober, and ground-pea. While Brazil is generally conceded to be its native home, Africa ranks first in production, the United States coming third, and furnishing one-sixth of the world's crop.

To reach maturity the peanut cannot be grown further north than Maryland, a mild climate with a light, sandy soil, such as is to be found in a few of the Southern States, proving the best for its growth. One of the peculiarities of this nut is that the fruit matures under ground. The roots are covered with tiny tubercles in which are multitudes of infinitesimally small organisms that supply the plant with nitrogen. The seed is planted in early spring, in rows or hills, and is ready for harvesting about the first of October, when the fields present their liveliest appearance. After the tap root of the plant has been cut, by means of a kind of wing attached to the plow, the vines are taken out of the dirt by a fork and put into small heaps, and thence into shocks to mature or cure. It is a picturesque sight in the fall to see the colored people, all sizes, gathering peanuts from the vines, the wee pickaninnies, scattered here and there, dumped in the dirt, while their mothers fill the large bags for the factories.

The largest peanut establishment in the world, owned by any one company, is located at Smithfield, Va., a little town nestling among the low hills of the tidewater section, where the sound of a railroad engine has never been heard. When the head of this establishment, Mr. P. D. Gwaltney, who bears the distinction of being called "The Peanut King," returned to his farm, penniless, from the surrender at Appomattox Court House, he laid aside his ragged gray jacket, and took up the culture of peanuts.

"It was a struggle at first," said the wealthy veteran, "and my experience was like that of many others before reaching success. At one time, through fire and the dishonesty of an agent, I lost all the capital I possessed. After farming for several years I moved into Smithfield, and began buying and shipping peanuts, principally to New York, in the condition they were received from the farmers. In 1880 I engaged in the peanut cleaning and grading business. Little by little the business grew, until now under the name of the Gwaltney-Bunkley Peanut Company, we are much the largest peanut concern in the world. We sell our goods in all the principal towns in the United States and Canada, do considerable business in London and Liverpool, and ship a good many shelled nuts to Holland, Rotterdam and Amsterdam taking most of our German shipments. We are building up a trade with Cape Town, Africa, as well as looking to the field in Cuba and Porto Rico with a view of doing business in these parts. When running at full capacity I suppose we employ about three hundred hands in the factory, the larger portion of them being colored men, and girls from fifteen years up. Our capacity in the beginning was about forty thousand bags a year, which has gradually grown, our output to-day being about three hundred thousand bags cleaned and ready for marketing, aggregating a million and a quarter dollars value. The

consumption is larger than ever before, and is growing constantly."

An inspection of one of Mr. Gwaltney's large factories amounts to a little education in peanuts. As you enter your eye ranges over piles of plump bags in condition to be put on the market. When the nuts are received from the farmers, they are in a very dusty state, and while hand-picking is necessary to a certain extent before they are in first-class order, much labor is saved by carrying them through a process of cleaning, fanning, and screening by machinery. The bags are first taken up on elevators to the fourth floor, where the several qualities of nuts are separated and dumped into huge bins. The process of cleaning begins with fanning out the leaves, dust, and immature nuts. From the fan they pass into cylinders in which they are cleaned and polished by friction, after which they are carried down through shutles into another fan, which takes out the better grade of the light nuts. From here they pass down to the second floor on to revolving tables, where they are hand-picked by the women and girls, the dark nuts being separated from the light ones.

It is particularly interesting to watch the workers in this room. When there is a full force they are encouraged to sing Moody and Sankey hymns and plantation melodies, the management saying they are more attentive to their work when singing. From the revolving tables the nuts pass through screens that grade them according to size, the different grades passing into branded bags, which are sewed up carefully ready for market. Small cars are kept running constantly from the factory to the boat which conveys the goods to Norfolk, the largest distributing point for peanuts in the United States.

"Our best brand," said Mr. Gwaltney, taking up a handful of large white nuts, attractive enough for a picture, "is the Bon Ton, which we claim represents the finest grade of unshelled peanuts in the world. More peanuts, however, have been sold under our Sun brand, which, with the shield and the Diamond G, are recognized as the standard throughout the country."

The most desirable variety of peanut is the Virginia, about two-thirds of the crop raised in the United States being of this kind. They are sold mostly in shells, except the lighter and broken ones, and are largely purchased by confectioners and foreign-fruit dealers. Next to the Virginias the Spanish variety is the most important, the nuts, though small in size, being of an exceedingly delicate flavor. "They have become quite popular," said Mr. Gwaltney, "salted and cooked in oil and butter for distribution in slot machines, which are to be found in many public places, a large number in bar-rooms. One concern in the West is reported to have bought a hundred carloads the past season for this purpose. A large quantity are used in making peanut butter, which is growing in favor. There are several establishments in the United States that make them up into food products, peanuts being considered very healthful food. One large sanitarium in the West uses several carloads a year for this purpose. Something new is constantly being done with them. The sale of the African nut at a very low price in Europe prevents our having a larger market there. But neither the African nor the peanuts grown in Japan have the fine edible qualities of the American product. The estimated crop of the world is about 600,000,000 pounds, of which the city of Marseilles takes over 200,000,000 pounds to convert into oil for soaps, salads, and confections. Germany also uses peanuts to a great extent, the German government requiring peanut oils to be used in making margarine.

"A peanut trust? Well, we did have one known as the 'Virginia Peanut Association,' which was in existence three years," said Mr. Gwaltney, "but it proved very unsatisfactory to the larger dealers. There have been other attempts, none of which were successful. About two years ago we had a strike among our colored

people which lasted ten days, at the end of which time they quietly resumed work at the same wages, from forty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents a day."

Mr. Gwaltney was one of the commissioners appointed by the Governor of Virginia to the Southern Industrial Convention that met last spring in Philadelphia. He belongs to the progressive type of Southerners, and well deserves the appellation given him of "The Peanut King." Generous to a degree, and public-spirited, his hand is ever extended toward those less fortunate than himself. The circulars issued by the large establishment of which he is the head, as to the probable extent of the crop, or quantities held, have considerable influence on the market in shaping prices at various times. They have gained a reputation for accuracy of statement, and are read with much interest by dealers.

The little town of Smithfield, Va., is noted in other ways besides being the home of "The Peanut King." Its hams have an international reputation. A drive through the pretty surrounding country will soon apprise the stranger that peanuts and hogs are the leading industries of the county. The hogs roam wild through the forests, feeding on acorns, hickory nuts, walnuts, etc., until the corn, potatoes, peas, and peanuts are gathered, when they are turned into the fields to glean what they can. For about two weeks before killing time they are put into close pens and fattened on corn. The ham industry began in Smithfield in 1800. It is claimed that there is a secret process in curing hams, but the great care taken in packing is the real secret. Near Smithfield is one of the most interesting relics of colonial days, an old church dating back to 1632, on the grounds of which in 1870, still stood a famous oak under which Tarleton and his officers once dined and rested. The walls of the structure are two and one-half feet in thickness, and the material of which it is built is of the most substantial kind. A few years ago, when the roof fell in, bricks were found in it bearing the date of 1632.

Eating in Havana.

YANKEES CLUB TOGETHER.

IN Havana it is the custom to serve only bread and coffee for breakfast. A little colony of Americans that felt they could not do their work until noon on this kind of a diet clubbed together and began importing Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.

One of them writing about the matter, says, "The modern cooking range had never been known in Cuba until the American occupation, and even now they are scarce, so that a ready-cooked food like Grape-Nuts recommends itself to start with; then the Yankees were accustomed to the food and felt they could hardly get along without it. They began buying in five-case lots and one by one the large grocery stores began keeping Grape Nuts in stock, so the business spread until now great quantities of Grape-Nuts are used in Cuba, and it is not only used by the Americans but the other inhabitants as well."

This is an illustration of the way the famous food has pushed itself into all parts of the world. Wherever English-speaking people go they demand Grape-Nuts. They can be found in South Africa, Egypt, India, China, Japan, Australia, and South America.

Many Americans speak of the homelike feelings it gives them to see the numberless busses in the streets of London decorated with great blue signs with the word, "Grape Nuts," done in yellow letters, and all over England the great purveying shops distribute Grape-Nuts.

English roast beef has largely given way to American roast beef, and the old-fashioned English breakfast of bacon and potatoes is now supplemented with Grape-Nuts and cream. The change was made for a reason. It has been discovered that almost magical power rests within the little granules, and this power is set free in the body that makes use of the famous food.



ONE OF THE FACTORIES WHERE THOUSANDS OF BUSHELS OF PEANUTS ARE HANDLED YEARLY.—S. S. SIMONSON.



P. D. GWALTNEY, "THE PEANUT KING."
(Norfolk Photo Studio.)



THE GWALTNEY-BUNKLEY CO.'S PLANT, AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER.
(S. S. SIMONSON.)



DUMPING PEANUTS INTO THE BIG HOPPER FOR CLEANING.



PEANUTS STANDING IN SHOCKS TO CURE AFTER THE VINES HAVE BEEN PULLED.



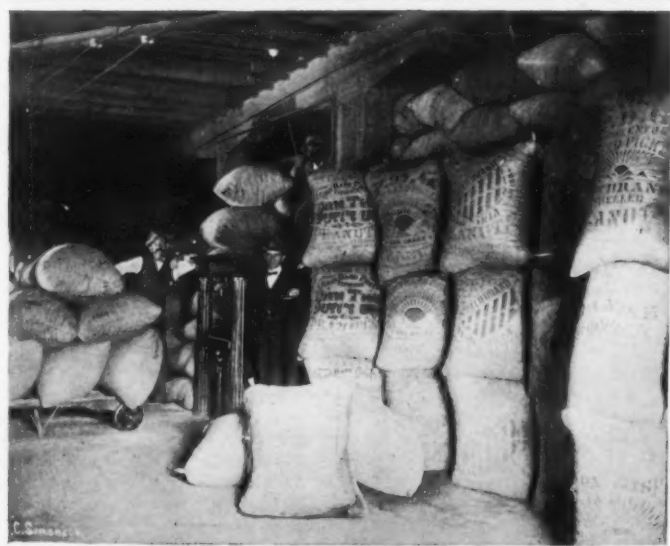
A SECTION OF THE SHELLING-ROOM, WHERE PEANUTS ARE AUTOMATICALLY SHELLED.



PICKING OVER UNSHELLED PEANUTS.



PICKING OVER SHELLED PEANUTS.



SHIPPING-ROOM—HOW PEANUTS ARE SENT OUT TO THE TRADE.



A BUSY MARKET-DAY IN FRONT OF FACTORY NO. 1.



GATHERING PEANUTS FROM THE VINES.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PEANUT INDUSTRY AT SMITHFIELD, VA.
HOW THE POPULAR LITTLE GROUND NUT IS GROWN AND HANDLED FOR THE MARKET BY THE "PEANUT KING"
OF THE WORLD.—S. G. Simonson.

Emperor William, the Young War Lord

By James H. Ross

IT IS to be hoped that the launching of the yacht of the German Emperor in this country, the naming of it by the President's daughter, and the visit of the Emperor's brother, may serve to make the real character of the Emperor better understood than it now is. His accession to the throne of the German Empire occurred June 15th, 1888. It was said then that the long-expected European war would come, for he was a war-lord. Our own country has been at war, Great Britain likewise, but Germany has preserved the peace. The Emperor, on the testimony of Count Bernstoff, the Moody of Germany, is a profoundly serious man. His allusions to religion in his speeches and State papers are not conventional merely. He has said that "in believing adherence to the everlasting truths of the Gospel rests our hope in life and death." He is domestic and his home life is free from scandals. He does not gamble, and if he were to appear incognito in the centres of vice he would be more likely to be regarded as an intruder or a novice than accepted as a devotee. February 21st, 1891, a press association sent broadcast in this country the allegation that he had been intoxicated at the dinner given in his honor by the Brandenburg Diet. The charge was false and an abuse of international courtesy.

The Emperor has been the real ruler. Bismarck was dismissed. The Emperor has also been a social reformer. He scoured Berlin, to free it from bad tenements, bad in conditions and morals. He has told the German students that they drink "too much beer." He has sustained duelling for military reasons, but of late he has seemed to oppose its continuance. He believes in the divine right of Kings, and therefore has regarded himself as the child of Providence for the good of the German people. He has been subject to two physical infirmities, an imperfect arm and an ear trouble that at times is distracting. His shortened arm he attributes to malpractice by the English physician who attended his mother at his birth. He dropped his helmet in an audience with the Pope, owing to this defect, and was mortified. His ear trouble affects his nerves and speech. One of his biographers says that the peace of Europe, some day, may depend upon that ear ache.

The Emperor is a versatile man, not bookish but studious. He is a linguist, a horseman, a hunter, a yachtsman, a swimmer, an oarsman. He has traveled widely. He and President Roosevelt have many points of affinity. Mr. Roosevelt is only three months older than Emperor William. Their sympathetic correspondence is likely to prove one of the romances of international life. Shortly after the manoeuvres of 1889 he received the American minister, William Walter Phelps, in a manner more than complimentary, and said: "From childhood I have admired the great and expanding community you represent; and the study of your history, both in peace and war, has given me particular pleasure. Among the many conspicuous characteristics of your fellow citizens the world admires in particular their spirit of enterprise, their respect for law, and their inventiveness. Germans feel themselves the more drawn to the people of the United States because of the many ties that inevitably accompany kinship of blood. The feeling which both countries entertain most strongly is that of relationship and friendship of long standing, and the future can only strengthen the heartiness of our relations." Poultny Bigelow, a fellow-student of Emperor William in the University of Bonn on the Rhine, and one of his American biographers, says that "this is the most friendly language ever used by a German ruler or cabinet toward the United States."

An American officer who was presented to him for the first time at the Baltic manoeuvres in 1890, was asked what he thought of him, and replied: "Immense; he has a genuine Yankee head on him." It is well to remember that an American woman, the Countess Waldersee, has been a friend at court in Germany since 1874, or for a generation nearly. She is the daughter of a New York banker, David Lea. Count Waldersee and Prince William were friends. The Countess Waldersee, by her first marriage, is great aunt to the Empress. The home of the Waldersees was the centre of the antipathy to Bismarck. It is said to have been these women who first proposed to the young Kaiser the question, "Why not be the foremost man in Prussia yourself?" and led to the dropping of the Pilot from the Ship of State after twenty-

eight years of power in Prussia. The Countess Waldersee, now sixty-two years old, enjoys the love of the Empress.

The two families are intimate. The Countess has influenced the Emperor to aid in the support of "The Town Mission" in Berlin, a society which gives alms and advice to the poor. The Count is a leader in the society. Lord Dufferin once remarked that the importation of American ladies as the wives of European diplomatists was one of the most subtle means by which the New World was subjugating the Old, that there is hardly a capital of Europe that does not boast an American woman as one of its chief ornaments, and that some day the Old World will have to put a heavy protective tariff on this import of American heiresses.

In view of the Emperor's commission of his brother, Prince Henry, to represent him in this country, interest is centred in the two as elder and younger brother, and as Emperor and Prince. Prince Henry is three years younger than the Emperor. As boys they lived together, attended the same schools, were brought up by the same preceptor, and in general were trained in common. William is a good shot; Henry is not. About twelve years ago, while taking part in a shooting expedition on the Island of Corfu, Henry stumbled and sustained a fall, which injured him severely, and caused the accidental discharge of both barrels of his gun, dangerously wounding a Greek who was in the royal party. Previously he had a similar mishap while buck-shooting near Baden-Baden. He shot one of the game-keepers of his uncle, the Reigning Grand Duke of Baden. The man lay in a critical condition for several days, but finally recovered. His wound disabled him from further service, and he is now in receipt of a handsome pension both from the Grand Duke and from the Prince. Social functions will be incessant while Prince Henry is in this country. He is said not to be a good dancer. But sailor Princes are bound to be popular, as the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, to the United States in 1880 and the recent tour of the Duke of York to Australia and Canada have shown. To Prince Henry, the representative of Emperor William II. of Germany, the American people, in true democratic fashion, will make their best bow.

Kaiser William's New Yacht

By A. J. Kenealy

THE FACT that the Kaiser has come to this country for a cruising schooner yacht is a high compliment, for his Majesty thoroughly believes in encouraging home industries. It is a matter of some surprise to German naval men that he did not have the vessel built in Germany from the plans of Mr. A. Cary Smith, the naval architect, whom he commissioned to design the craft with practically carte blanche as to the cost. The truth of the matter is that the Kaiser wanted a saucy Yankee schooner with all that the term implies, Yankee in plan, Yankee in build with Yankee rig and Yankee sails. This shows that the imperial head is level.

It may not be generally known how it happened that the Kaiser came to engage Mr. Cary Smith in this matter of a new yacht and to give the cold shoulder to Mr. George L. Watson, the Scotch designer of his racing cutter Meteor, as well as to many aspiring German naval architects who were eager to submit plans for his approval. The late Mr. Richard Suydam Palmer, a spirited and enthusiastic yachtsman, bought the big steel schooner Yampa, which Mr. Cary Smith designed for Mr. Chester W. Chapin. In 1897 he took her to Southampton on the occasion of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Thence he crossed the North Sea and was towed to Kiel by way of the Baltic Canal. At Kiel the Yampa anchored close to the Kaiser's "steam yacht" Hohenzollern, a large man-of-war. Not far away was the Kaiser's cutter Comete, well known to us as the Scotch cutter Thistle, beaten so handily by the Volunteer in her races for the America's Cup in 1887. There also was a large fleet of yachts—cutters and schooners—which had taken part in the race for the Kaiser's Cup from Dover to Heligoland. But none of them tickled the imperial fancy so much as the graceful Yampa, whose beautiful lines compelled his admiration. When Mr. Palmer left his card on the Hohenzollern he was informed that the Kaiser had done little else all day than talk about the Yankee schooner.

A few months later Mr. Palmer sold the Yampa to the Kaiser. The yacht sailed for Southampton on December 2d and arrived seventeen days later after a most tempestuous passage. Always remarkable for what sailors call "sea-kindness" in all her ocean cruises, and they were many, no accident befell her. Skippers who have commanded her praise her as the finest sea boat they ever sailed in. The Kaiser was delighted with her. In a personal cablegram to Mr. Palmer he expressed his admiration of the stately craft. He renamed her Iduna and had her fitted up most sumptuously especially for the Empress, who is a capital yachtswoman and was as much pleased with the yacht as was her husband. Many enjoyable cruises have been made in her by the Kaiser and his family. The Yampa is getting along in years and is not quite so smart looking as some of the later "creations" of Mr. Cary Smith, several of which the Kaiser has seen in European waters. Thus, when a new schooner yacht was considered indispensable to imperial happiness, the Kaiser went to Cary Smith.

The new yacht, whose launch the Kaiser's brother, Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, will witness, and which Miss Roosevelt, the daughter of the President, will christen, is a beautiful craft. Cary Smith is an artist as well as a naval architect and many of his seascapes have been exhibited. For this reason, perhaps, the craft of his design are always pleasing to the eye, their lines and curves graceful and artistic. Moreover, they are excellent sea boats. The Iroquois, for example—a Yampa on a smaller scale—successfully weathered the terrible blizzard of March, 1888, riding out the storm, as her sailing-master told me, "Easy as an old shoe and never shipping a bucket of green water." The Kaiser's new yacht, built by Townsend and Downey at Shooter's Island, Newark Bay, is constructed of a special type of steel. The length of her hull is 160 over all and 120 feet on the water-line, with an extreme beam of 27 feet and 15 feet draught of water. The overhangs of bow and stern are of extremely graceful taper and the sheer is as "sweet" as was ever seen on a vessel. She will be rigged as a two-masted schooner. Her lower masts are of Oregon pine—two splendid sticks 105 feet long; her main boom is 85 feet long and the other spars in proportion. Her rigging is of the best steel wire; her sails of the finest cotton duck. Her deck is of teak instead of the usual white pine, and the same wood has been used for skylights, rails, companion ways, etc. Teak is the best wood known for use in ships. I once sailed in an East Indian fifty years old and sound as a gold dollar. She was built entirely of teak, lower masts and bowsprit included. The teak used in the Kaiser's schooner came from India. That grown in Africa is not of so fine a quality. The interior of the yacht owes much, it is said, to the excellent taste of the Empress. The main saloon is situated amidships and is a fine apartment measuring 20 by 27 feet. Aft this is the Kaiser's stateroom connecting with a large and luxurious bathroom. There are four other staterooms, each with a private bath. The interior of the vessel from stem to stern is handsomely finished in mahogany and other fine woods, artistically carved. The officers and crew have commodious quarters forward of the main saloon.

The Kaiser has striven to develop the maritime resources of Germany, and his efforts have been crowned with success, as is proved by the magnificent Atlantic liners flying the German flag. He also is a generous patron of yacht racing. Every year he offers a gold cup worth \$5,000 for competition over a sea course from Dover to Heligoland. The race is open to yachts over fifty tons, and is keenly fought for. On one occasion, when the contestants finished in a flat calm, the Kaiser dispatched a fleet of torpedo-boat destroyers to tow the yachts to an anchorage. Never before did they go so fast through the water. The cup is of solid gold with a medallion of the Kaiser on one side and one of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, on the other. The prize is presented to the winner in person by the Kaiser, and is much valued.

There is a well-authenticated rumor that an American yacht will be permitted to race for the trophy this year. It is worthy of note that the Kaiser on more than one occasion has acted as skipper of his racing yacht Meteor, and has tried to beat the cutter Britannia, owned by his uncle, the then Prince of Wales. His efforts, however, were never crowned with success.

Some of the German newspapers have alluded to this new schooner of the Kaiser's as a racing yacht. This is an error. She is a strongly and heavily built cruiser good for a quarter of a century's hard sailing. This does not mean that she will be slow. It would be impossible for a vessel with such a shape below the water-line to be otherwise than exceptionally fast and remarkably able in a heavy sea. America originated the schooner rig and has ever been famous for that particular type. The Kaiser's schooner is sure to add new lustre to her renown.

Turned Out True.

COFFEE DRINKING RESPONSIBLE.

"AT A dinner party a number of years ago a physician made this statement, 'Coffee drinking is responsible for more ills than any other one thing, but it is impossible for me to make my patients believe it.'

"Neither would I believe him, but continued to drink my coffee with sweet content. After a time I became aware of the fact that I was frequently lying awake nearly all night without any apparent reason, and the morning found me tired out and nervous.

"The insomnia increased, then came a dull pain at the base of the brain and severe pressure at my heart. My outside work was given up, for I could hardly bear the little fatigue of the day. 'Nervous prostration brought on by overwork,' the Doctor said. I thought of the words of old Dr. Bagley, 'Coffee is the poison that is responsible,' etc., etc.

"I had heard of Postum Food Coffee and determined to try it. The first cup was so weak and flat that it was not fit to drink. The next time it was prepared I looked after it myself to see that the directions were followed properly. The result was a revelation; I found it a delicious beverage.

"The cure was not wrought in a day, but little by little my nerves became strong, the pain ceased, and again I could sleep like a tired child.

"I am now completely restored to health by Postum Food Coffee used in place of ordinary coffee, have regained the fresh complexion of girlhood, and I can realize the truth of the old Doctor's statement. I wish people could understand that truth before they permit coffee to break them down.

"I have known of several others who have been restored to health by leaving off coffee and taking up Postum Food Coffee. Please do not publish my name, but I am willing to answer letters of inquiry if stamp is inclosed." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



PROFESSOR A. FREDERICK COLLINS SENDING A WIRELESS TELEPHONE MESSAGE.



BURYING THE ZINC SCREEN.



THE ENTIRE APPARATUS PACKED IN A DRESS-SUIT CASE.



PROFESSOR COLLINS'S ASSISTANT RECEIVING WIRELESS MESSAGES.

PROFESSOR COLLINS'S EXPERIMENTS WITH THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE.

Telephoning without Wires: Is It Practicable?

THE RECENT experiments of Professor Frederick Collins with the wireless telephone at Narberth, Penn., a suburb of Philadelphia, have attracted much attention. Signor A. Marconi, inventor of the wireless telegraphy, commenting on Professor Collins's experiments to a representative of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, said:

"The system used by Professor Collins is good only for short distances. Under ordinary circumstances the limit would be about a mile. I have tried the same experiments myself, and for long distances the system is not successful."

Appended is a brief description of the apparatus and methods used by Professor Collins, which is contributed to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*:

Out in the suburbs of Philadelphia, Penn., several men have been working for the last year with an apparatus which at a distance looks like a camera mounted on an ordinary tripod. As a matter of fact, it is a telephone which can be inclosed in a case like a camera, carried from place to place and used without wires. So much has been heard about wireless telegraphy recently that the experiments which have been conducted by Professor Frederick Collins are almost unknown, yet he has succeeded in receiving and sending messages at the distance of a mile by his invention. When Professor Collins began his work in the little suburban town of Narberth, Penn., the residents thought that a party of photographers and surveyors were at work as they saw the men with tripods on their shoulders going from place to place. Later, when they found that the parties were talking to each other across fields and valleys and through woodland they looked for the familiar telephone pole and wire, or some visible connection between the stations, but found nothing.

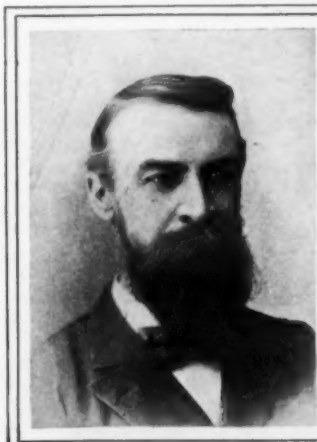
Like Marconi, Professor Collins uses only natural means of communication—the earth—although he claims the system would work as well at sea as on land, and possibly better, for his theory is that the electric current for the transmission of telephone messages can be conducted as easily as where the wireless telegraph is used, although he has made but a beginning in his experiments. While Marconi has used lofty elevations and recently has sent and received messages by means of kites connected by wires with the earth, the Narberth experiments have been conducted close to the ground, as indicated by the apparatus. If Professor Collins established stations in tree tops or at the top of towers 100 or 200 feet in height, he believes he could easily telephone without wires a much longer distance than at present, but he is working on the principle that the system, to be practical, should be as simple as possible; and the stations consist merely of the telephone batteries, wiring and tripod, which, as already stated, could be carried from point to point as easily as a camera or a grip.

In using the wireless telephone at Narberth the receiver is connected with a Crooke's tube, induction coil and cell battery, all of which can be packed in a small leather case. The receiver and the transmitter, as will be noticed in the photographs, are similar to those used for the ordinary telephone work, as is also the case with the batteries. When communication is to be opened between one place and another, one operator goes to his position, takes the apparatus from the case, connects the battery with the instruments and the latter with two wires extending to the ground, not only to receive but to deliver messages. The other station is formed merely by taking the battery and other apparatus from the case and

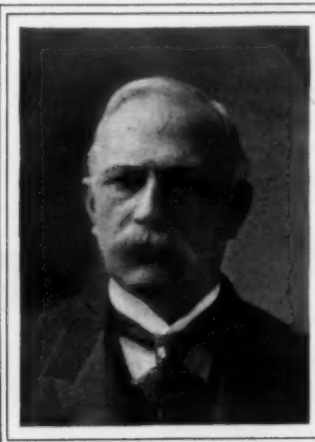
mounting the induction coil and transmitting instrument on a little table which screws into the top of the tripod. From the table extend two wires, one of which connects with another battery and the other with a sheet of copper about twelve inches square, which is perforated. Throwing up two or three spadefuls of earth the operator places the copper sheet with its wire connection in the ground and covers it. The line is now in readiness for operation, and actually no other work is required. As already stated, at a distance of a mile, conversation can be heard as distinctly by means of the wireless system as in the use of the ordinary telephone where wires form the entire circuit. The state of the weather and also the nature of the country affect the articulation, if it can be termed such, to a certain extent. On a rainy or misty day the sounds are not quite as distinct, although wet weather does not interrupt the communication. It is also found that the system works better across a fairly level space, like an open field, for instance, than when it is separated by woodland, a stream, or a valley. The wireless telephony meets the same difficulties as wireless telegraphy, to a certain extent, and Professor Collins, in conducting his experiments, has made a study of the Marconi system.

The inventor predicts that eventually this method will take the place of the ordinary telephone circuits, and he believes that it will be especially valuable at sea, as vessels can be equipped with the apparatus and their officers engage in conversation while the craft may be several miles distant. The United States Navy Department has become interested in the matter and has decided to test the Collins apparatus on board the North Atlantic squadron.

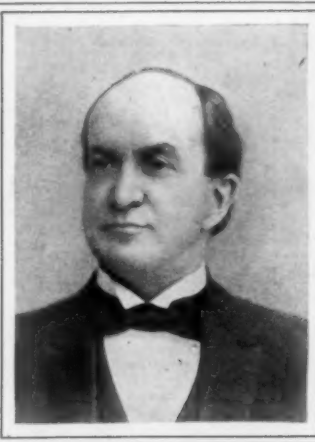
D. A. W.



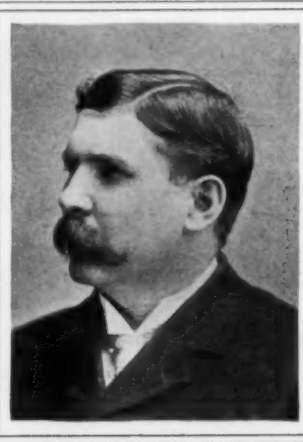
JAMES ALLISON, IOWA.



J. B. FORAKER, OHIO.



JAMES B. MCCREERY, KENTUCKY.



J. P. DOLLIVER, IOWA.



ARTHUR PUE GORMAN, MARYLAND.

NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS, ALL RE-ELECTED.



"Johnny Two-Claws"

THE STORY OF A WOULD-BE COW-PUNCHER

By John M. Oskison

"JOHNNY TWO-CLAWS"

wanted to be a cowboy, wear a pair of new, high-heeled, morocco-topped boots, ride a forty-pound saddle, and go out on the two-weeks' spring round-up. He was fifteen years old, and was tired of serving as chore boy and general utility man on old man King's twenty-acre Indian Territory farm. He had served the old man well since he was taken in, a weazened under-sized waif of ten, dropped haphazard in the world by a drunken father; but he had come to believe that he had paid dearly enough for the privilege of wearing cast-off clothing, driving in the work horses in the chill of early dawn, and doing a man's work under the eternal taunt of being called a trifter. Johnny knew the line riders on Colonel Clarke's range, because he had encouraged them to stop at the King shanty to eat water-melons, which he had planted and tended to ripeness. Sitting one day on the other side of a melon, his feet crossed and his battered hat pulled low over his eyes, imitating his companion's pose, he interviewed "Smear Sanders" on his chances of becoming a "regular puncher."

"A fellow don't have to be so awful old to get to rustlin' horses, now, does he?" the boy queried, looking eagerly toward Smear. Rustling horses was a beginner's work.

"Oh, not so very," returned the old puncher, indifferently. Then he stuffed a piece of melon in his mouth and began to cut out another mouthful. Johnny spoke again:

"I reckon he's got to be about—about—just about how old do you think, Smear?"

"Well, let me see." The puncher assumed a reflective tone. "I started in—when did I start in? I reckon it must 'a' been after I nearly got my neck broke ridin' that pony of Hall's. An' I was about your age then. But, shucks! age don't count much, anyway, kid; it's nerve you got to have. Take that there ride of mine on Hall's bronco.

"He was a measly little white-eyed roan," Smear recalled, "that every puncher Hall hired for ten years was broke in on. I got a crimp on him all O. K., then he lit in. Say, Johnny, did you ever see a mule buck? an' a skinny-legged jack rabbit lope away from a cur dog? Well, you take a combination of them two—the mule bucks straight up into the air an' them long jack rabbit jumps—an' put a little of the old Billy Hell into it, then you got an idea of that little roan of Hall's. Jarred my boot-heels against the base of my brain, that pony did! How I hung onto him I'll never be elected to tell. But I did, an' that shows just one thing—when you got the nerve to tie onto a hard proposition you're as close to bein' a good puncher as you ever will be." Johnny pondered the story while Smear opened a second melon. His eyes had lighted at the old cowboy's recollection—and the trial by ordeal attracted him. At last he questioned, tentatively:

"Smear, don't you think I could get a job somewhere, from some stockman that ain't got a big ranch, just at first? Who do you think I'd better strike?" Then the old puncher remembered regretfully, looking at the scrawny, unprepossessing boy, how he had put off Johnny's queries before with promises to help when he grew older.

"No, Johnny," Smear answered. "I'd like to see you get a job, better than anybody I know, but Clarke ain't needin' any hands, nor any other stockman in this region. Williams, over the other side of the Verdigris, might take a kid—he carries about fifteen punchers, an' of course some of 'em have got to begin down pretty low an' grow up to the business."

"How many miles is it to Williams's, did you say, Smear?" the boy asked, guilelessly.

"Bout fifty, I reckon," came the ready answer. "A hard day's ride, I know, to the ranch house." Then, suspecting nothing of his motive in asking, Smear told Johnny how the Williams ranch could be reached quickest if one rode a horse that could swim swollen streams and follow tortuous trails through the thick Verdigris

River timber. He told him that Williams was the richest man in the territory, owning ten thousand cattle, and houses and lots in "every town from Fort Scott to San Antonio, Texas." He was the most fearless man, Smear said, that had grown to maturity in the midst of troublous times.

Although Johnny did not speak of the matter again for months, the instructions given by Smear and the description of Williams stuck in his mind and became clarified by endless mental repetition. He repeated them to his plow-handles as he followed the rows of young corn, that, under the magic of his fancy, were turned to herds of scattered, storm-driven, long-horned steers. He coned them at the turn row, where imagination set up a round-up camp and put him down by the side of a small wood fire, listening to the stories of "Buck Connor," and to the weary sighs of the unhardened youngsters.

"Ten miles across the prairie," the directions ran, "then Lightning Creek, then Salt Creek just below Nelson's store, an' then on, down this side of Verdigris River to the Bullet Ford. Half the time you got to swim—the rest of the time you can ford it. But it ain't no tellin' when it's fordable." Beyond the river the directions were vague, but sometimes he gave slack rein to his fancy, traveling on to the Williams ranch, passing swiftly over the inevitable apprentice period, its drudgeries and battles, to the full-fledged state when Johnny Two-Claws would be recognized as Foster—or, perhaps, even as Mr. Carl Foster. He thought he would ask the punchers, when they became very friendly, to leave off the "Mr." and simply call him Carl.

It was hard for Johnny to run away from the only home he had ever known, unattractive as it had been, and it was near the time of the spring round-up, when he was close to his sixteenth birthday, that he breasted the long grass that billowed away to the west and went toward the fringe of Lightning Creek timber one morning, instead of driving the farm horses in from the range. And though he had daily walked behind the plow from day-break to nightfall, this steady tramping forward, with the monotonous swish-swash of the grass-tops striking against his feet, soon began to tire. The big future loomed before him, and frightened him—its limit a tired, weazened boy could not know. But he could shut his teeth with a snap, and blink back the threatening tears, for, though he was but a spot on the wide prairie now, he was going to be a puncher. A "regular puncher" had to have nerve.

Johnny reached the western slope of the billow-like ridge of the prairie that separated Lightning Creek from

Salt Creek in the middle of the afternoon, when the cattle were coming out of the shelter of the timber to spread once more over the monotonously rich feeding grounds, and when the cowboys were waking from a noon siesta to saddle for a last round before the steers were "bedded." He found himself in the middle of a bunch of curious, half-threatening, half-frightened "long horns" almost before he was aware of it. The sight of a boy, with battered felt hat and ragged clothing, tramping across the prairie, through grass that hid all but his chest, shoulders and head, was not familiar to the cattle. They followed him closely, some of the bolder sniffing, in the manner of an inquiring dog, close at his heels. The boy was experienced enough not to try running away and bringing the herd in a mad stampede after. He walked slowly on, never turning his head, expecting the steers to return to their feeding in a little while. But half a dozen big, high-spirited brutes held on, crowding each other closer and closer to the boy, who was becoming nervous, though he made no outward acknowledgment of it.

Finally one of the steers had come close enough to sniff Johnny's clothing, and finding that no resistance was offered, lowered and turned its head to the side in a tentative way and raked his back with a long, graceful horn. Johnny was frightened in fact now. He stopped short to change his plan of action. He had heard from Smear that the steers, unless angered, would not meet a slow-moving, steady-eyed antagonist, no matter how weak it might be. So he turned squarely upon the adventurous leader of the six, his knees fairly trembling, and walked slowly toward the lowered head. The brute could have tossed the boy over its head in a twinkling, and seemed at first inclined to do so. It retreated instead when Johnny came unhesitatingly on. Continuing, he drove the steers before him for fifty yards, then turned to go on toward Nelson's store at the crossing of Salt Creek. Taking the retreat as a sign of weakness, the wild steers followed again, only to be driven back by the now confident boy. This was repeated over and over again until Johnny was becoming discouraged with the press of hunger, the sense of loneliness, and the pitilessness of the world as he had seen it on this day's march. Then two of the punchers saw him and rode to his aid.

"I'm on my way to Williams's ranch, over on the Verdigris," Johnny told the puncher in charge, when he was taken to the ranch house by his rescuers. "Smear Sanders says I can maybe get a job there—an' he says there ain't many fellows my age that can ride better than I can. But he don't know I learned to handle a rope, too! You ain't needin' no hands?" The last came hesitatingly.

"No, kid," the puncher replied, "an' my idea is that you'd do better to stick to Old Man King a while longer. But that's only my idea—if you're bound to go on I'll see if I can't give you a lift in a day or so. You just make yourself at home around here for to-day—we'll be busy outside till night." It was at breakfast that the interview took place.

But it was lonesome work watching a lazy, over-fed ranch dog blinking on the door-step, and tossing a frayed rope over the tops of fence-posts. The unwashed breakfast dishes were depressing. Johnny wondered if the boss really meant to help him to get over to the Verdigris, or if he had not gone to tell King to come for him. Before ten o'clock he had set out again toward Williams's ranch. A farmer's wife, who cried over his story, kept him that night, and a ferryman put him across the river next day, and at the end of the third day's march he was at the big barracks-like ranch house where Williams's punchers lived. Because he would not accept the word of the ranch foreman, who declared it was impossible to give him any kind of work and because, when he insisted upon seeing Williams himself, he pleaded with a promising insistence, Johnny was employed as a chore boy where fifteen others worked. These fifteen ranged in rank from the foreman to the youngster who went from the stable to a place as assistant horse herder. And Johnny Two-Claws worked for two years at an employment that a cowboy despises. Then came a big flood of the Verdigris bottoms that changed the fortunes of other and older men than Johnny.

It was at the breaking up of the winter of 1886, when the grass



"IT'S NERVE YOU GOT TO HAVE."



"HE RAISED HIS ROPE CLEAR OF THE WATER AND FLUNG IT STRAIGHT OUT TO HIS BOSS."

was beginning to show more than a promise of green in the shelter of the wooded river-banks, that the rain broke upon southern Kansas, swelling the tributaries that fed the Verdigris to the magnitude of that river in its normal state. These separate torrents forced themselves pell-mell into the big channel, tumbling and fighting for the chance to be carried away first to the great, mud-colored Mississippi. Then, as the whole had started decently down the choked river-bed, the Kansas rains recommenced, and other torrents came swirling down to jump square on top of the big, slow-moving, chocolate flood, and send it rushing out through the woods. Where open timber had been, broken by occasional fallen trees and scarred stumps, there was now an eddying sea, the tree-trunks and brushwood darting in the currents and banging broadside against the swaying, standing trees. Where the tall undergrowth had stood almost impenetrable, there showed only swaying tops, whipping the water into foam. Islands were formed, some tiny and lasting but a few hours, and larger ones that were safe from possible overflow.

Released from their winter feeding grounds, weak from semi-fasting, the cattle of the Williams ranch had scattered through the river bottoms to graze; and when the flood broke over the banks it carried many of them beyond hope of rescue. Many more were driven to the temporary islands for refuge, and more came up on the prairies, bedraggled and half dead with cold. It was a time of quick, hard work for the men. The cattle that had escaped to the prairies had to be fed, and those that were surrounded on the islands near the edge of the flood had to be taken off. The men swam out on their ponies and forced the fearful steers into the water. There was a shouting and cursing among them as they worked to relieve the distressed cattle, that showed the time to be a desperate one.

Through all the confusion went the owner, Williams, swearing less than the others, apparently less mindful of the fate of his cattle, but doing more at the last than the hardest of his cowboys. He was a big-boned six-footer, with an eye that made the men want to be his friends. When he saw Johnny saddling a horse in the barn-lot on the morning of the flood he called out: "Here, I want you with me to-day—I'll need you to send word to the boys. And you don't look like you could do very much alone," he added, smiling at the youngster's crude outfit and stunted form.

Williams and the boy rode down the river, keeping close to the edge of the flooded woods. They passed the other cowboys, who were busy with the work of bringing off small bunches of water-prisoned cattle. The big, good-natured owner urged these to renewed effort and went on. They passed backed-up pools of sluggish water that furnished harbors for masses of foam and sticks, where the bodies of rabbits and bruised snakes drifted in lazy fashion. Next there was a steep bank, where a side current came pounding, grinding the gravel from the bank, and blackened by the tumbling of fresh earth and grass roots where the earth was caving. They saw a dozen wild ducks swimming where there had been a tangle of black-berry bushes. Once a tall, stiff vine, held by a steady undertow, was suddenly released. It sprang out with a swish that sent the ducks squawking away. Far below, a mile from where the cowboys were working, the two saw a score of steers, far out on a miniature island, and Williams knew they were his own.

The island which the steers occupied was the top of a casual hill, that in ordinary times was scarcely noticeable, and that now seemed little more than the upturned surface of a huge kettle. There was not room for more than half a dozen on the uncovered space, the other steers standing half leg deep in the water's edge. Those forced to the outer edge of the crowding mass slipped and crowded

to get back to safer footing. And then the mass surged and crowded, the center always remaining on the little kettle-bottom island. One or two of the excited, frightened brutes had gone down in the mud of the island and bore great splotches on their sides. Mixed with the rushing, boiling flood water, this mud formed a slimy, cold paste that plastered the faces of the cattle and gave them the appearance of grotesques. One steer had fallen under the hoofs of the rest and had not risen. Its life had been crushed out in a twinkling, and the body was a formless mass, now half a part of the trampled, hoof-marked earth. At the first rush of water a gray wolf, harmless and quick-footed, had chosen this island for a refuge. When the steers had crowded it the wolf had tried to hold its place. It had fought furiously, screaming and snapping as the unheeding steers trampled it under foot. The creature had left its marks on the flanks of three of its destroyers; and while Johnny and his boss watched, the mangled remnant of the wolf drifted from the churned mass of mud and was carried on a cross current almost to the edge of the water.

"Those brutes must come off," said Williams, looking at the torn wolf's body. "It's a long swim out to where they are, but we can't see 'em go under like this thing's done. You stay here and I'll go out and run the scared fools into the water. They can swim it if they are not too weak with strugglin'." It was not easy to force even the big horse that Williams rode across the vicious cross currents and whirlpool eddies that were sending logs and brushwood in crazy circles. But the ranchman did not hesitate for an instant—it was characteristic of him that all hesitation disappeared when the time for action arrived. He loosened his saddle girth and flung down the bridle reins as he urged the horse into deeper water. He cast away the big rain-coat that was tied behind his saddle. He veered sharply to avoid a dizzying whirl of currents and steered his horse far out of the straight course to approach the cattle from the opposite side. But a down current caught the horse and swept it straight at the little island on the side nearest the upland.

When the horse felt the sloping bank of the island under foot it was seized with the same desire to get to a less slippery footing that turned the steers into maddened creatures. It scrambled for a higher ground, crowding against the trembling cattle. The steers on the outer edge of the mass were crowded in and began to press those in the center farther away. Then there was a reaction from those holding the bit of earth, and the whole mass surged against the trembling horse. Williams was powerless to guide it into open water. He tried to force the horse out by pushing against the cattle with his hands, but the terror of the flood and the panic of the cattle had made it uncontrollable. The brute set its side hard to the surging mass, its hoofs deep in the yielding mud. But it held only for an instant, and when the pressure increased there was a frightened cry and the horse went down in the yellow mud and water, throwing Williams almost on top of the struggling mass.

Johnny saw this pass with the rapidity of a kinetoscope picture—saw the ranchman flung straight at the crowding cattle. Then he saw Williams raise an appealing arm from the confused pile. The boy doubted if his pony could swim the distance, but turned it into the flood as unhesitatingly as Williams had made the plunge. It was a harder fight, in fact, for the boy could not judge the strength and direction of the currents as well as the older man. A swirling mass of brushwood stung his face and almost blinded the floundering pony. But the two held on, and the down current that had landed Williams's horse on the island was bringing Johnny toward the same point. The ranchman, who had kept himself safe on the back of an unheeding steer, shouted for the boy to keep off. It was then that the instinct of the cow puncher rose in the rescuer. He unfastened the rope from his saddle,

raised it clear of the water and flung it straight out to his boss. At the same time he turned his pony into the deeper water. The rope fell short of Williams's reach, but he plunged from the back of the steer and caught it. He drew himself alongside the pony, then called to the boy to drop into the flood, hold to a stirrup of the saddle, and trust the pony to haul them both to the land.

Guided by the ranchman, who swam holding to a stirrup on one side, the pony turned back toward the land. A broad current, caused by the breaking of the steady outward flow by the little island and a thick clump of undergrowth, swept down near the shore and back toward the old river-bed. The horse had to cross this, and swim for a time straight against it. In the current were the everlasting, irritating, swirling masses of brushwood that blinded the pony and all but dragged the swimmers from their hold. There were tree-trunks, too, that bobbed and veered. One of these raced, end on, toward the pony. Williams pulled the horse's head quickly to one side, but could not save it from the crash. The log, its end raised momentarily by the flood, fell on the pony's head, and, quivering, it relaxed to drift with the flood.

The log and the pony came against the body of Williams, not yet free from the stirrup, and stunned him. Chance brought Johnny clear of the tangle, still holding to the rope. Then he felt himself being towed down the current, and knew that his boss had been struck, and that the rope's other end was yet wrapped about the ranchman's arm. They were drifting near the shore, where no underbrush impeded and where the tree-trunks stood, scattered and muddy. The boy set out desperately to swim to the bank. His plan was to reach a firm footing and, putting the rope around a tree, pull Williams free of the horse and drag him to land. It was a fierce five minutes of fighting against the racing flood before he gained a slippery footing, and an anxious half-minute before he plunged to the water's edge and dragged his boss out of the yellow river. Then, panting, he tore away Williams's coat, ripped out his shirt collar, and chafed him back to consciousness. At last the old ranchman sat up, stared about him for a minute, then seized Johnny's shoulder and pulled him down in the mud beside him.

"That was a dickens of a close shave, Carl, for me! It ain't every puncher that could have pulled me out of there." Williams tightened his grip about the boy's shoulders—and Johnny was absurdly happy.

Prizes for Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—We offer special prizes of ten dollars to each prize-winner, until further notice, for the most unique, original, and attractive picture in the following classes: Easter, and Decoration Day. A special prize of \$10 is also offered for winter scenes, contest to close February 15th. Contestants should mention the class in which they desire to compete.

N. B.—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine," or other publications having no connection with "Leslie's Weekly."



THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, DR. THEODORE VON HOLLEBEN, WHO WILL BE THE PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE ENTERTAINMENT OF PRINCE HENRY.



COUNT VON QUADT WYKRADT ISNY, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY.



DR. D. T. HILL, AS WILL REPRESENT IN THE RECEPTION.



THE MAGNIFICENT SUITE AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY



THE STLENDID RECEPTION-ROOM OF THE EMBASSY, WHERE SEVERAL NOTABLE FUNCTIONS WILL TAKE PLACE.



THE JAPANESE ROOM AT THE EMBASSY, GORGEIOUSLY DECORATED WITH RELICS COLLECTED BY DR. VON HOLLEBEN.



WALDEMAR, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, THE CHARMING LITTLE SON OF PRINCE HENRY.



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE

THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, WHERE P
UPON DR. VON HOLLEBEN, THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, AND HIS DISTINGUISHED STAFF HAS D



DR. D. T. HILL, ASST. SEC'Y OF STATE, WHO WILL REPRESENT THE STATE DEPARTMENT IN THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER VON REBEUR-PASCHWITZ, ATTACHE OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY.



GERMAN EMBASSY, WHERE THE PRINCE WILL BE ENTERTAINED.



MADAME VON REBEUR-PASCHWITZ, WHO, AS THE ONLY LADY AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY, WILL BE CALLED UPON TO PERFORM THE DELICATE PART OF HOSTESS.

THE GERMAN EMBASSY WHICH PRINCE HENRY WILL OCCUPY.



DINING-ROOM OF THE EMBASSY.



OFFICE OF THE AMBASSADOR, WHERE THE BUSINESS OF THE EMBASSY IS CONDUCTED.

HERE PRINCE HENRY WILL BE ROYALLY ENTERTAINED.

HE HAS DEVOLVED THE DELICATE TASK OF PLANNING THE DETAILS OF THE PRINCE'S RECEPTION.

America Among the World's Greatest Powers

At King Edward's Coronation By Waldon Fawcett

ONE OF the little amenities which indicate recognition of the responsibilities of the United States in her new rôle as a world Power is found in the fact that the coronation of King Edward will for the first time find this government represented on such an occasion by a special and fully accredited embassy. The leading republic has of course been represented on similar momentous occasions in the past, such as the coronations of the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany, but in previous instances the duty of typifying the dignity of the giant of the New World has devolved upon the regular envoy at the court where the ceremony has taken place. Moreover, whereas the United States army has frequently had special representatives at such functions, the navy has usually been represented by the officer who happened to be in command of the European station at the time, and who could not, of course, be construed to be specially delegated for the task.

A high official of the State Department, in discussing recently the duties of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, General James H. Wilson, and Captain Charles E. Clark, who will represent the United States at the forthcoming coronation of the British sovereign, remarked jocosely that their chief occupation will be to "stand around and look." This estimate of the situation is not far wrong as regards the army and navy officers who accompany the special ambassador, for their duties are nominal and involve little more than attendance at the social functions to which the ambassador is invited, but upon Mr. Reid, as the chief dignitary delegated to represent a sovereign Power, there will fall many responsibilities, and incidentally the maintenance of the dignity of his position will cost a pretty penny.

The largest single item of expense which must be met by Special Ambassador Reid will be that entailed by the lavish entertaining which will be obligatory upon him. He will be fêted extensively by other special ambassadors, by prominent Americans resident in London, and by high officials of the British government, in addition to his participation in all the various state functions, and obviously he must return the compliments. What an outlay this will entail may be imagined when it is stated that during the festivities attendant upon the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria in London in 1897, at which Mr. Reid also acted as special ambassador, he is understood to have expended the sum of \$30,000 in entertainments which were virtually obligatory upon the occupant of his position. Of this outlay of \$30,000 only \$10,000 was covered by the governmental allowance for Mr. Reid's expenses and a portion of even this sum he returned to the United States Treasury for the reason that he was unable to furnish an itemized statement of the various expenditures.

It is quite possible that Congress will not be asked to make any preliminary appropriation for the expenses of the special coronation embassy next June, but that instead the War and Navy Departments will make provision for the expenses of their respective representatives, while the State Department will defray from its expense fund the monetary obligations incurred by Mr. Reid—or rather such portion of them as he may see fit to include in a statement of outlay. The reason for not allowing Congress to have a hand in the matter in advance is obvious, since a few members with aggressively democratic ideas could be counted upon to offer vigorous objection to the whole project and might embarrass or humiliate the government by some of the sentiments uttered. Indeed, one member of the House of Representatives has already filed an "objection" in the form of a bill which declares that the whole plan of sending representatives to a monarchical function is at variance with the principles of this government.

Costly as was Mr. Reid's representation of the United States at the diamond jubilee, it is safe to predict that it will appear insignificant by comparison with that which will be necessitated in connection with the great event in London next summer, for the republic is now much more of a factor in world affairs than she was a few years since. Indeed, with the exception of France, the United States is the only republican government which has received an invitation to be represented at the coronation. Neither Switzerland nor Mexico, nor any of the South American republics, has received from the Court of St. James's the intimation, designed as a compliment, that the King and his people would be glad if representation were made in a very special manner.

Mr. Reid will enjoy, while in London, all the honors and distinctions which will be conferred upon the royal and imperial representatives present, no matter what their rank. During the term of his special mission Mr. Reid will outrank Hon. Joseph Choate, the regular American ambassador at the Court of St. James's, and will take precedence of him at all social and official functions. Strictly speaking, the British government is under no obligation to invite Mr. Choate to any of the formal functions during this interval, although, as a matter of courtesy, his name will probably be included on all the invitation lists. There is small doubt that the personal popularity of Mr. Reid in England, combined with the desire on the part of the British officials to cement the friendship between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, will result in the payment of exceptional honors to the special American embassy. It will be recalled that this was the case upon the occasion of the jubilee of the late Queen, when Ambassador and Mrs. Reid, during their stay of a month in England, received, in addition to the regular



MRS. WHITELAW REID—HER POSITION AS THE WIFE OF THE SPECIAL AMBASSADOR TO THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII. WILL GIVE HER A FOREMOST PLACE AT THE GREAT CEREMONIAL.
(Photograph by Alman.)

formal invitations, three special invitations to dine with the Queen at Windsor.

The arrangements for the conveyance of the special embassy to London are primarily in the hands of the State Department. In all probability one of the newest battle-ships will be assigned to transport the delegation across the Atlantic and will remain to bring them home. From the moment that the visitors set foot on British soil they will enjoy the hospitality of the crown. Military, naval, and court officials of high rank will be designated to remain constantly in attendance upon them as gentlemen-in-waiting, precisely as would be done in the case of visiting royalty, and royal carriages and servants will always be at the disposal of the favored Americans.

Ambassador Reid will appear at all official ceremonies, both in the daytime and at night, as he did during the diamond jubilee, in "the plain dress of an American citizen" prescribed by the State Department years ago. If naught else served, the American envoy would doubtless be distinguishable by his simplicity of dress, for the coronation will produce a brave display of gold braid. It might be noted in this connection that the gentlemen who represented the United States at the coronation of the Czar were "marked men" in even a greater degree in this respect, for the Russians are fond of pomp, and the great ceremony at Moscow was the culmination of their extravagant ideas of splendor. The diplomats from the republic appeared at the coronation ceremony in evening dress, looking, as one correspondent put it, "as though they had been up all night," but the ladies who accompanied them had no other alternative than to comply with the Russian policy of receiving instructions as to the costumes to be worn at the different receptions and ceremonials, and the wife of the American ambassador received explicit instructions as to the toilettes which would be considered appropriate for no less than twelve different occasions.

The leniency of Great Britain with regard to the court dress of Americans on the occasion of one of the most important ceremonies in its history is quite a concession, in view of the fact that when, in 1853, Secretary of State Marcy withdrew all previous instructions prescribing a diplomatic uniform and decreed that henceforth representatives of the United States at foreign courts must limit themselves to the "simple dress of an American

citizen," his edict nowhere met with more serious objection than at the Court of St. James's. Some envoys to London have made a concession to the customs of the British court by buckling on to evening dress a plain black-hilted sword, and even to-day the members of the United States embassy at the British capital appear on state occasions in knee-breeches with metal buckles on their shoes, so that it will be seen that Mr. Reid will go a step further along the path of simplicity than have the regular envoys.

Ambassador Reid's term of special service will not be made up of the days of unalloyed bliss that the uninitiated might imagine. On the other hand, he is certain to be driven well-nigh to distraction by the importunities and struggles of the Americans in London who will wish to be present at this, that, or the other ceremony. Indeed, it is safe to predict that never in history has there been such a fierce and extensive social struggle as will take place in London next June, and the usual crop of heart-burnings, envy, and uncharitableness will be inevitable. Some of the social "climbers" will want one thing and some another. It may be only a seat to watch the parade pass or the comparatively modest request for an invitation to the ball at the American embassy, and from that the petitions will range through all the gamut of requests up to a yearning for a card of admittance to witness the coronation ceremony itself, but whatever the request the applicant can be depended upon to make miserable the life of Mr. Reid and his associates until his desire is gratified. Every species of financial, social, and political influence will be employed in the great fight for the prized pasteboards, and supplication, bribery, and cajolery in a thousand different forms will be tried upon the officials who are suspected of having the slightest influence in the premises.

An indication on a meagre scale of what may be expected in London may be gained from the record of happenings in connection with the coronation of the Czar. At Moscow there was a "court list," and the visitor who got his name on that list received invitations to practically all the public functions, so that in this case there was one main objective point—a place on the precious "list." Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, who was at that time American minister at St. Petersburg, and who, in the absence of any special ambassador, represented his government at the coronation, succeeded in placing the names of more of his countrymen on the "court list" than did the envoy of any other nation; but even as it was he satisfied comparatively a small portion of the applicants. So, too, literally hundreds of Americans bent their energies in a supreme effort to secure admission to the church where the actual coronation ceremonies took place, but in the end only eight were successful—the American minister and Mrs. Breckinridge, General Alexander McCook, who represented the army, and Mrs. McCook; Admiral Selfridge, who represented the navy; Mrs. Pierce, the wife of the secretary of legation; Louis Moore, a journalist, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis. A larger number may be successful in London.

The three secretaries who will accompany the special embassy to London will be virtually figureheads. There is nothing for them to do and they will not be admitted to the more exclusive functions. There appears to be a tradition that the sons of wealthy men shall be assigned to such posts. On the occasion of the coronation of the Czar, Ogden Mills, Creighton Webb, and Erskine Hewitt had the positions corresponding to those to which Pierpont Morgan, Jr., William Wetmore, and E. L. Baylies have lately been appointed. Incidentally, it will be interesting to watch the character of the reception accorded to Mr. Wetmore. Some fourteen years ago the mother of the newly appointed secretary snubbed the then Prince of Wales by curtly declining to meet him, and there is a story to the effect that his wrathful royal highness at that time declared to the court chamberlain that no bearer of the name of Wetmore should ever be received at court.

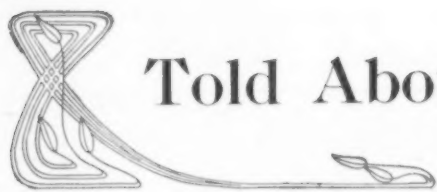
It must be admitted, too, that there is food for thought for democratic Americans in the view taken in diplomatic circles in Washington and elsewhere of the significance of the action of President Roosevelt in appointing the special embassy which is to visit London this year. Some of the diplomats are prone to declare that the action can even be construed as an affront to other friendly Powers, since this government did not send special embassies to the coronation of the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Italy, the inauguration of the President of France and of the President of Switzerland, to the coronation of the Queen of Holland, or to the installation in office of the Presidents of the various South American republics over whom Uncle Sam is supposed to exercise a sort of guardianship.

The critics of the Roosevelt administration policy among the diplomats have also sought to incite feeling by the declaration that in order to be consistent and avoid offending certain European Powers it will be necessary for the American government to send a special embassy to the investment of the successor of Pope Leo XIII., but this latter plea is manifestly untenable, if not absurd. It must be admitted, however, that by its action in delegating special representatives to attend the ceremonies at London this government has in a sense obligated itself to extend a similar courtesy to any friendly Power which may extend an invitation under similar circumstances.



THE MOTOR'S TRIUMPH OVER FLESH AND BLOOD.

A COMMON SIGHT IN NEW YORK DURING A SNOW-STORM, WHEN HORSES FIND A TREACHEROUS FOOTING ON THE SLIPPERY ASPHALT PAVEMENTS.—Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by Ernest Fuhr.



Told About Professional Folks and Others

By William Armstrong



AFTER A series of experiments extending over years, Lionel Mapleson, a nephew of the veteran impresario, Colonel Mapleson, has invented a diaphragm attachable to the phonograph, which softens and intensifies the reproduction of the voice in song. His end and aim has been to reproduce the pure quality of tone with its color and nuance, free from rasping or scratching.

The librarian of the Grau Opera Company, Mr. Mapleson's experiments have been made at the Metropolitan Opera House. After numberless trials in various parts of the building, he at last hit upon the plan of placing his recording horn in the flies, thirty feet above the stage, during the opera performances. Much had to be taken into consideration: the delicacy in placing; the size of the horn; the shape of the bell of the horn; difficulty in getting the proper position, and last, vexatiously affecting experiments the fact that many records were rendered valueless because of a sudden turning of the singer in another direction than the one for which Mr. Mapleson had calculated. All of these things, though, quite aside from the diaphragm appliance, were important factors in the proper testing of its success.

The central idea toward which he has been working with the phonograph is delicacy of registering; a proper balancing of soloists, chorus, and orchestra, to produce upon the hearer the effect that he is listening in the theatre, and finally with the diaphragm of his invention to soften and concentrate tone values in the records obtained. The phonograph, with its tiny needle, has registered under his direction such complicated masses of sound as the Ride of the Valkyries, from Wagner's "Die Walküre," voices and orchestra clear and resonant, and



JAMES K. HACKETT.—Haker.

there the "Seven Ages" were unrolled without misadventure to the text.

At Philadelphia he made his debut as a professional as a member of Mr. Palmer's old stock company. Young Mr. Hackett had sensations on that particular evening, very disagreeable sensations. To be exact, they began shortly after luncheon in the form of indigestion, a symptom that led him to omit dinner entirely, as a matter of precaution. The curtain rose at eight o'clock, but, not wishing to be late, he arrived at the theatre at six to dress. When he went to unlock his trunk it appeared to be hermetically sealed. Turning, twisting, balancing, sitting upon it had no effect. The key would not budge in the lock. Taking off first his coat, then his waistcoat, his labors continued until perspiration marked glistening channels down his face. The suit was inside the trunk, and the servant who was expected to appear in it was on the outside. An hour had been spent in golf terms and wrenchings. A colleague arrived and helped with suggestions such as friends not uncommonly give at exciting moments. The sarcasm of Mr. Hackett's replies as each suggestion was given—suggestions that had already passed through his brain and proved vain of execution—was lost on the newcomer, who, turning in, himself took a hand in the matter. At seven-thirty Mr. Hackett suddenly paused in front of his trunk, still as tightly closed as the chest of Ginevra.

"I think, I think," he said, weakly, "that I will try another key." He did, and as by magic the hasp dropped from the lock-plate. For an hour and a half he had tried to open the trunk with the wrong key. "But don't tell,"

he pleaded, and his colleague so manfully restrained his desire to repeat a good story that it is left for Mr. Hackett to tell on himself.

A Singer's Stories of Queen Victoria.

MR. DAVID BISPHAM, the American singer, has some interesting reminiscences of Queen Victoria. His first appearance before her was in a recital at Balmoral when only the intimate circle of the Queen was in attendance. A number of ladies were grouped about her, the gentlemen standing at the back of the room. The drawing-room was furnished in the plainest style, the furniture of a pattern in vogue thirty or forty years ago, the hangings of tartan and the carpet a three-ply. The Queen, a stout old lady, sat beside a centre-table on which rested a large amp. After acknowledging his bow the programme began. When he had finished the first group of songs the Countess of Lytton (Owen Meredith's widow and the lady-in-waiting at the moment) came to tell him that the Queen wished to speak with him.

The conversation turned upon some Schumann settings of Burns's words that he had just sung, Schumann, the one composer regarding whom the Queen had made a fatal mistake on that noted occasion when, after hearing Madame Schumann play, she said to her, "And your husband, is he musical, too?" In the next group of songs was Schubert's "Who Is Sylvia?" Her sight being greatly impaired, the Queen not only wore large glasses, but had a reading glass to help her with the programme, printed in large type. There is one line in this song to Shakespeare's words that runs, "To her eyes doth love repair to help him of his blindness." At this particular juncture the



LIONEL MAPLESON.

pure and even of tone, through the use of the diaphragm of his invention.

Many trials were made before the present results were accomplished. The inventor claims that out of a thousand tests he succeeded finally in making two hundred and fifty perfect records. These comprise the favorite numbers in many noted operas, and in years to come, when the singers whose voices are recorded are no more, will prove an interesting library of musical reference. In one of the records Madame Melba is heard in the "mad scene" from "Lucia," in all the audacity, the sureness and brilliance of her accomplishments, runs, trills, staccati, the true quality of the voice being remarkably brought out by the use of the newly invented diaphragm.

To the music student these records collected by Mr. Mapleson open up a new field in the matter of illustrated study, for the voices of the great singers can be listened to in important numbers over and again.

An Actor Tells of His Debut.

AN ACTOR'S recollections of his first appearance are generally the most vivid ones of his career. Mr. James K. Hackett enjoys the recollections of two debuts—as amateur and then as professional. The first he made at school at the age of seven, when the selection he hit upon to recite was Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." In the final moment before going on terror struck to his heart, and he made acquaintance with that will-scattering sensation which the Germans so aptly term "lamp fever." It became with him a matter of to go on or not to go on, when a sudden push sent him, whether he willed or not, in behind the footlights. Once



W. CLARKSON.



DAVID BISPHAM.
Copyright, 1902, by Dupont.

Queen had raised the reading glass to help her out, but catching the words, quick as a wink she dropped it.

The Costumer and Wigmaker for Royalty.

A NOTABLE COLLECTION of autographs and a fund of personal reminiscence have been gathered by Mr. Clarkson, the London costumer and wig-maker, whose clients include many American, English, and French celebrities, and who for many years has arranged the tableaux and private theatricals at Windsor Castle and the great English country-houses. During the lifetime of Queen Victoria tableaux were frequently given at Windsor and Osborne. The princesses and court officials took part in the groupings on these occasions, the subjects being taken frequently from British history and from the poems of Tennyson. To Mr. Clarkson was intrusted the choice of costumes and the hairdressing for these presentations, which had to be historically correct.

To Mr. Clarkson was intrusted the costuming of "Types of the British Army" for the Lord Mayor's procession, and also the costumes for the royal and ducal party at the famous state ball at Devonshire House during the jubilee. When the King of the Maoris was in London his gorgeously tattooed skin attracted a degree of attention that grated even upon his rather steady nerves. At the suggestion of an Englishman in his suite he sent for Mr. Clarkson to help him out of the difficulty. Grease paint, such as professionals use on the stage, was recommended to hide the tattooing. Delighted with the pink hue that it gave his dusky skin, the King bought enough grease paint to take back with him to last the rest of his life.



BLANCHE BATES,

THE YOUNG WESTERN ACTRESS WHO HAS WON NOTABLE RECOGNITION AS "CIGARETTE" IN "UNDER TWO FLAGS."—SARONY.



Books and the People Who Make Them



By L. A. Maynard

WE ARE pleased to note that Prince Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," is to have another chance with the American public in a new edition from the press of Putnam's Sons, with the added attractions of illustrations. The work first appeared two years ago under the imprint of a well-known Boston house. It is really a remarkable book, and much more interesting for the general reader than its title would indicate. An extensive circulation of the volume would do an immense amount of practical good. Probably the fact that Prince Kropotkin is a professed anarchist, albeit of the mild and purely philosophical school, of which Elisee



SARAH DUNCAN ELLIOTT.

Reclus is also a member, would not help him just now to popularity in America, no matter what the intrinsic merit of his work might be. Surely no one who has read the fascinating autobiography of Kropotkin which ran in the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly* two or three years ago would associate him with the frowsy, malodorous crew of anarchists whom we have learned to know only too well in America. Doubtless Kropotkin himself would disown the relationship as promptly as any one else, for he is really a gentleman of the most refined tastes and brilliant qualities, a student, a thinker, and a writer of extraordinary power. He suffered much for opinion's sake before he finally escaped from Russia, and may be pardoned, perhaps, for not having an ardent love for laws and government as they are administered in that country, any way. He has made his home at Bromley, England, for several years, and was over here on a lecturing tour in 1890. His "Fields, Factories, and Workshops" has nothing anarchistic about it whatever, but is an intensely interesting discussion of the advantages which civilized societies could derive from a combination of industrial pursuits with intensive agriculture and of brain work with manual work. It would be well if his chapters on "Possibilities of Agriculture" could be published where they would reach every tiller of the soil in America. Kropotkin does not go here upon theory and speculation, but upon solid facts and figures, and these would be a revelation to many as to what Mother Earth can do in the way of yielding enormous crops if you give her a fair chance. His crop statistics are drawn largely from the results of intensive agriculture in the islands of the English Channel and in parts of France and Belgium. Some of his statements in this connection would seem incredible were they not brought by the author within the range of verifiable facts by the citation of names and places—such, to give a single example, as the statement that a certain truck farmer in the isle of Jersey has dug out of a single acre of ground no less than one thousand two hundred and eighty-four bushels of potatoes, or over thirty-four tons, whereas the average American farmer considers himself lucky if he gets three hundred bushels from an acre, while the average yield is much below that. It is shown also that so far from there being any real danger of universal starvation at some future date because of the overpopulation of the world, our single state of Texas could be made, under intensive methods, to raise enough food to support a number of people equal to the present population of the globe, a demonstration which leaves Malthusianism without a leg to stand on.

A FAIRLY DILIGENT reading of stories of dog heroism from our youth up, including besides, such tales as Ouida's "A Dog of Flanders," had led us to believe that our estimate of dogly virtue and wisdom was up to par at least, and high enough for all practical purposes;

but now that we have read Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton's "Our Devoted Friend, the Dog" (L. C. Page & Co.), with its long and amazing chronicle of canine heroes, saints and martyrs in real life, verified by photographs, we are almost ashamed of ourselves to think how poor and meagre our estimate has really been. To the best of our recollection we never projected a boot at one of these noble creatures in our life, but now we are sorry that we ever wanted to do it. Neither, we confess, did we ever yield to the impulse to own a dog, but since reading this excellent volume we have resolved to go out and buy a few to practice kindness on and thus atone in a measure for a wasted and misspent past. It is Margaret Benson, we believe, who, in her recent book, "The Soul of a Cat," gently advances the theory that cats go to heaven. Perhaps so; but so far as actual deserts go we submit that dogs have a much clearer title to a mansion in the skies than cats. Who ever heard of cats saving people from drowning, from fires, and from burglars, and doing other beautiful and self-denying deeds, as the dogs do so numerous in Mrs. Bolton's book? Surely, if these four-footed philanthropists do not find a comfortable place somewhere beyond this vale of tears and dog pounds, our theology is sadly out of joint. But the possibilities arising from having cats and dogs shut up together in some blessed abode brings our theory and Miss Benson's theory into such painful contact that we have no heart to pursue the subject further.



PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

AS A commuter of some fifteen or more years' standing (in railway trains) and something of a gardener besides, we feel prepared to speak with a voice of authority of the merits of "The Gardener of a Commuter's Wife" (Macmillan Company). The author's name is not given, neither is the locality where the gardening is done, a wise omission, no doubt, since otherwise the book and its writer might be justly suspected of a design to boom suburban real estate and reap fat commissions on sales. The pictures drawn here of rural felicity and horticultural delights are so thoroughly charming and seductive that they would certainly start an exodus to the favored spot at once if it could be located. We are not inclined to tell just how far our suburban experiences tally with those recorded in this book, but where we have fallen short of the same degree of success and satisfaction in gardening it is doubtless due to natural depravity on our part and not to any fault of the garden. Besides, it is confessedly the wife of the commuter who wrote this book, and not the commuter himself, which makes a deal of difference.

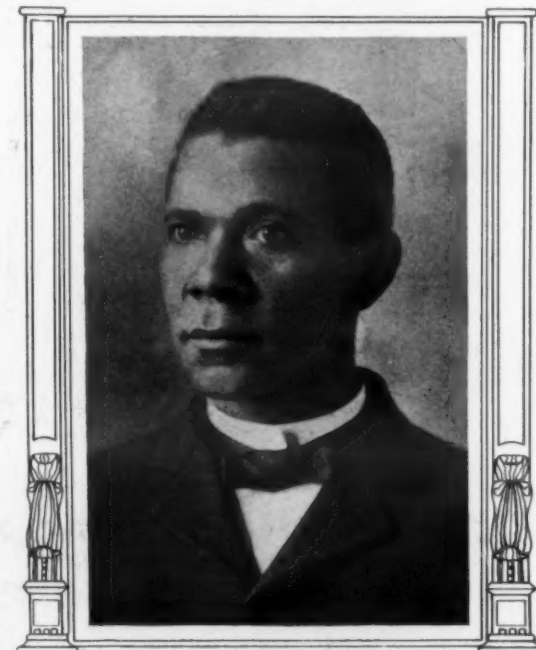
TAKING THE world as we find it, and not, perhaps, as it ought to be, we doubt very much whether the vogue Mr. Frank T. Bullen has enjoyed as the author of "The Cruise of the Cachetot," and other books of sea life, will be materially increased by his "Apostles of the Southeast" (Appleton & Company). The first book named had so much of the Midshipman Easy spirit about it, so many genuine thrills to almost every chapter of its whale-fishing adventures, that everybody had to read it as a matter of course. Mr. Bullen followed the same excellent vein in

his "Log of a Sea Waif," which was all the more fascinating because it was a record of his own recollections. The difficulty with this latest volume is, that it is too "preachy" to suit the tastes of the great, frivolous, worldly-minded public that never likes to be sharply reminded of its sins, in the guise of a story any way, and is hardly enough in the homiletic and devotional line to please the select few who dote on that kind of reading. Nevertheless Mr. Bullen could hardly be dull even if he should try, especially when he writes about life on the sea, as he does again in this chronicle of the doings of the "apostles" of the Wren Lane Mission Hall. The story sets forth the spiritual needs, the yearning soul hunger of lowly men and women in strong and compelling terms, mingled with touches of real pathos and genuine humor. The book deserves popularity even if it does not get it, for it is written in a sincere and noble spirit and for the obvious purpose of doing good.

ONE MIGHT suppose that Paul Leicester Ford would have all he could do, and more in following up his successes in the "Hon. Peter Stirling" and "Janice Meredith," looking after his royalties and copyrights, and other incidental pleasures, without tempting Providence by entering upon the rugged and thorny path of a magazine editor, as, we are credibly informed, he purposes to do. His periodical will be specially designed to interest book lovers, and will be issued at an early date by Dodd, Mead & Co. We were not aware that any "crying need" existed at present for another publication of this class, but if Mr. Ford serves up his editorials with as much piquant sauce as he did his biographies of Washington and Franklin he will create a need very soon and fill it too. Since he is determined to sacrifice his leisure in this manner for the good of his fellow craftsmen, he has our heartiest wishes for the success and long life of his venture.

IT IS gratifying to be informed that Sarah Duncan Elliott's story, "The Making of Jane" (Scribner), is having a steady sale in spite of the adverse criticism pronounced against it in some quarters on account of its sombre tone and alleged heaviness. It is distinctly not a novel of the thrilling and catchy order, but one that, to be appreciated and enjoyed, needs to be read with care and more than once. Read in this manner, as it deserves to be, the novel takes hold upon the mind as few recent works of fiction are constituted to do. It is truly a remarkable story in many respects and will find readers, we believe, long after some of the more popular stories of the day are forgotten.

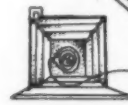
IT IS not surprising to learn that Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery" (Macmillan) is being translated abroad into a number of foreign tongues, for it is one of the most remarkable autobiographies that ever appeared



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

from the American press. It will have a special attractiveness for foreigners, since it opens up phases of life and character which to them must be as novel as they are marvelous. The trite saying that truth is stronger than fiction never had a more striking illustration than that afforded by this book.

A Chicago novelist is reported to be tired of appealing to the patronage of the public, and to be desirous of returning to the old plan of dependence on a private patron. What he wants, he explains, is a patron-publisher, and he would like the patron-publisher to be a millionaire.



THE FIRST READING-LESSON.
W. K. Fishburn, publisher The
Reporter, Ephrata, Penn.



A CALIFORNIA ROSEBUD.
Steckel, Los Angeles, Cal.



DOGGIE TAKES A SUN-BATH.
H. B. Anderson, New York.



A LITTLE LADY OF THREE.
Braus, Seattle, Wash.



BLESSINGS ON THEE, LITTLE MAN,
BAREFOOT BOY, WITH CHEEKS OF TAN;
WITH THY TURNED-UP PANTALOONS,
AND THY MERRY WHISTLED TUNES;
WITH THY RED UP, REDDER STILL
KISSED BY STRAWBERRIES ON THE HILL;
WITH THE SUNSHINE ON THY FACE.
THROUGH THY TORN BRIM'S JAUNTY GRACE
FROM MY HEART I GIVE THEE JOY:

I WAS ONCE A BAREFOOT BOY!
PRINCE THOU ART; THE GROWN-UP MAN
ONLY IS REPUBLICAN.
LET THE MILLIONED-DOLLARED RIDE!
BAREFOOT, TRUDDING AT HIS SIDE,
THOU HAST MORE THAN HE CAN BUY
IN THE REACH OF EAR AND EYE—
OUTWARD SUNSHINE, INWARD JOY,—
BLESSINGS ON THEE, BAREFOOT BOY!"

—JOHN G. WHITTIER—

(PRIZE-WINNER.)—A. C. Pearson, Duluth, Minn.



"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."
Frank E. Foster, Iowa Falls, Ia.



ENJOYING THE FIRST SNOW.—Anonymous.

VIEWS OF CHILD-LIFE BY AMATEURS AND OTHERS—MINNESOTA WINS.
(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)

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Hints to Money-Makers

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always include a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

THE PUBLIC is tired. Home investors are loaded up with stocks and foreigners are too busy with their "Kaffirs," "Rands," and other mining speculations, to pay much attention to us. Furthermore, foreigners believe, and rightly, too, that American stocks are selling too high. So apathetic has the stock market become that sales on some days have fallen to less than 300,000 shares. In the height of the boom, a greater number of shares were disposed of in a single hour. Occasionally the market is over-sold, the shorts are caught napping, and we have a lively spurt. But the condition of affairs betokens a period of caution. Next will follow a condition of anxiety, and, after that, we may expect collapse.

No more is heard of the talk that there will not be enough stocks to go round. Already it is discovered that we have too many shares and that the great bull leaders must take on a new load every time they try to advance the market by liberal purchases. They, too, are getting tired, and, in a sudden emergency, caused by tight money or an unforeseen financial incident of any magnitude, should they begin to unload, the worst would happen. During the past year a larger railroad mileage was constructed than has been recorded since 1890, and a greater quantity of stocks and bonds has been added to the Stock Exchange listings than was ever before known in its history in any one year. More than twice as many securities in the aggregate were admitted in the listed and unlisted departments last year than the year before, and, during the same period, over four billions of industrial properties have been created, mainly for public distribution.

We stand, therefore, now, much as we did ten or twelve years ago, at the period of inflation which was followed by the disastrous climax and the crisis of 1893. Just what warning signal will first be given of a break cannot be predicted. We may have a collapse in electrical securities similar to that which Germany has experienced, and which was the beginning of its recent panic. Perhaps the developments in the Everett-Moore trolley and telephone syndicate failure may be significant of others that are to come all over the country where similar undertakings have been recklessly floated. The great leaders in the market controlling the railways are straining all their resources to pay dividends, in order to maintain the shares of the companies at high prices. The reckless declaration of dividends on Atchison common, at a time when it was in need of \$30,000,000, for the purposes of improvement, has been justly criticised. The increase in the dividend of Jersey Central is generally believed to have been inspired by the desire of the Morgan interest to add to the earnings of Reading, which is the chief owner of Jersey Central stock. It seems to be the determination to make the best possible show for the Reading, and on this to advance its shares.

Yet the market grows tired, listless, and apathetic, and fails to respond to rumors of new consolidations and deals and to reports of increasing dividends. The most extravagant rumors are given out. We are told that a number of great securities companies are to be organized, on the plan of the abortive Northern Securities Company; one to control the Central, or Vanderbilt roads; another the Southern railways; still another the Southwestern concerns of the Goulds; and, finally, a fifth, to control the Southern Pacific lines. On top of all these we are to have a sixth, to control all the steamship lines, and then we are to have the financial millennium, with all railroads maintaining their rates, crowding their cars with freight and passengers, increasing their dividends, and making the purchasers of their shares enormously rich.

There was a show at the Buffalo Exposition, known as "A Trip to the Moon." The visitor was given a seat in an airship, and, by an optical delusion, he was led to believe that he was sailing far over the exposition grounds to the realms of the distant planet. Of course it was a delusion, yet everybody who took it in seemed to enjoy it, for it wasn't expensive. We are having the same sort of delusion in Wall

Street. I am afraid that, in the end, it will not altogether be as pleasant to contemplate as the Pan-American trip to the moon, and it will cost a good deal more. The railroads are promising to spend over two hundred million dollars this year for physical improvements of all kinds, and they are issuing enormous quantities of "collateral trust," debenture, and other kinds of bonds and securities. No doubt the expenditure of this large amount will help to stimulate business. The paying out of the public treasury of about \$200,000,000 during the two or three months of the Spanish-American war gave a sudden impetus to business all along the line. This is the usual outcome of generous expenditures for war purposes. But a few such collapses as that of Amalgamated Copper, with a shrinkage of one hundred millions, and the Everett-Moore syndicate, involving a hundred millions more, not to mention the smash in Rubber, Asphalt, and sundry other industrials, would only be needed to set the tide the other way.

"F." Vandalia, Ill.: No.
"B." New Liberty, Ia.: No rating.
"P." Chillicothe, O.: The concern has no rating.
"S." Onancock, Va.: I can find no rating of the party.
"C. E. S." Baltimore, Md.: I would not touch one of them.
"J. T. S." Cambridge, Mass.: No, have nothing to do with them.
"W." Wilkes-Barre, Penn.: I do not think it safe as an investment.
"P." North Adams, Mass.: Have nothing to do with either concern.
"V." Bacon Hill, N. Y.: Have nothing to do with any such speculation.
"S." Memphis, Tenn.: I would rather sell than buy San Francisco common.
"S." New York: The Chicago Terminal 4 per cents., around 90, are a fair investment.
"C. F. S." New York: I am unable to obtain information justifying a recommendation of the purchase.
"Inquirer," San Jose, Cal.: Because of the higher standing and credit of the New York Stock Exchange.
"H." Alleghany, Penn.: Not rated as of any standing. (2) You are right in your conclusion. It is a fake.
"S." Salem, O.: Of the three the Greene Consolidated Copper Company offers the best prospects for speculation.
"T." New Duluth, Minn.: The Wood-Harmon Company has a good rating, and has been doing a successful business.
"W. X." To-rington, Conn.: I do not believe in the Copper mining proposition, and do not advise the purchase of the shares.
"C. B." New York: The firm has a good rating and is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. No stamp inclosed.
"Subscriber," Brooklyn: I do not believe in the oil proposition. Cannot recommend any of them. Better act through a regular broker.
"L." Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The promoter of the chemical company is a schemer with a pretty poor record. Leave the shares severely alone.
"T." Bordentown, N. J.: Your name should appear on our books as a subscriber at full rates to entitle you to a place on my preferred list.
"B." Lebanon, Penn.: I think well of the Lehigh Valley Equipment Trust bonds around par. They ought to furnish an excellent investment.
"J. B." Richmond Hill, L. I.: I do not believe there is anything but a speculative value in either property, and not much in that. No stamp.
"J. C. M." New York: The bonds are hardly of a strictly investment character but many regard them with favor from a speculative standpoint.
"G." Highland, N. Y.: American ice preferred, and United States Express, or Chicago, Indiana and Louisville preferred, on reactions offer promises of a profit.
"W." Cleveland, O.: Chesapeake & Ohio sold last year as low as 29. It has therefore had a very substantial rise, and, in common with the rest of the market, looks high.
"J." Westfield, Mass.: (1) It is not an investment. It is not even a fair speculation. (2) The concern has a good rating and is doing a large business. Its prices for property are high.
"W. W." Jersey City: I do not advise the purchase of the shares of the Automatic Addressing Machine Company of America nor do I think it offers you "the chance of a life-time."
"M." Saranac Lake, N. Y.: The book entitled "Glimpse of Wall Street" is sent without charge by Jacob Berry & Co., 44 Broadway, New York. Inclose a two-cent stamp and mention LESLIE'S WEEKLY.
"F." Warsaw, Ind.: Subscription received and preference given. I can get no quotation, either on the curb or anywhere else, for the stock you mention, and would not advise its acceptance as collateral.
"I." Cedar Rapids, Ia.: (1) Do not advise its purchase. (2) Am unable to advise at present regarding the shares of the Thos. A. Edison, Jr., Chemical Company. Will make further inquiries.
"Murcur," New Jersey: I would not touch the shares of the Consolidated Murcur Gold Mining Company. (2) No rating and record not good. (3) Am unable to obtain information regarding the Colorado concern.
"N." St. Paul: The concern is being exploited by a very imaginative and not altogether responsible promoter of speculation. The apparatus seems to do what is claimed for it, but there is much novelty in the enterprise.
"C." Chattanooga, Tenn.: I have taken pains to go over the batch of "tempting" propositions submitted to you, and agree with your own conclusion. A more worthless set of propositions, outside of the realm of the regular bunco-steerer's, I have never seen.
"N." St. Paul, Minn.: I know nothing about the company. The stock is not on sale in Wall Street and I am not therefore recommending its purchase. I will make inquiries regarding it, however, and, if information is obtainable, will report further on.
"S." Hagerstown, Md.: (1) Chicago & Alton has added so largely to its obligations that even its preferred shares have not their former high standing in the eyes of investors. (2) The Denver & Southwestern five per cents. are a fair speculative bond, but of course are not classed with the strictly investment securities.

Continued on opposite page.

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Hints to Money-Makers.

Continued from page 140.

"C. O. D." Haverhill, Mass.: Have nothing to do with the concern. It is little less than a fraud.

"G." St. Joe, Mo.: The ending of the Copper war would no doubt advance the prices of copper shares. There is too much manipulation in it for me to recommend the purchase of Amalgamated (2) Baltimore and Ohio common was strengthened by the decision that it is entitled to all earnings after 4 per cent on preferred stock.

"H." Little Rock, Ark.: The Glucose Company has made a great deal of money and I have regarded the shares, especially the preferred, as among the best of the industrials. (2) J. P. Morgan recently said that all the signs and promises tended toward a continuance of prosperous conditions. Mr. Morgan has stocks and bonds to sell.

"S." Nashville, Tenn.: It is impossible to know whether Southern Railway preferred will be put on a 5-per-cent-dividend basis in March. Conservative financiers believe it would be unwise to do this. (2) Speculative interests dominate Southern Pacific and allow very little information regarding their intentions concerning dividends to leak out.

"U." St. Louis: The uncertainties of political conditions in Mexico militate against the purchase of its securities for safe investment. A reasonably cheap bond is the Kansas City Southern 3 per cent. issue around 70. Another is the Toledo, St. Louis and Western 4 per cent. around 82. A good cheap dividend-paying railroad stock is Monon preferred around 75, and paying 4 per cent.

"T." Tremont, O.: Subscription received. You are on my preferred list. American Ice controls the ice business in New York, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities. It has \$13,500,000 preferred and \$23,000,000 common stock, and has paid 6 per cent. on the former and 4 per cent. on the latter without interruption. The preferred has sold very much higher, and looks cheap.

"C." Philadelphia: You are right in your characterization of the scheme. (2) Whether Atchison common will drop to 50 within six months or not, will not depend so much on the road's condition and prospects as on the power of financial interests to maintain the market at a higher level. The stock certainly looks high, but the accumulation of a large short interest in it may give manipulators a chance to advance the price again.

"L." Mobile, Ala.: The funded debt of the New York Central has increased \$123,000,000 in the past four years and, in all, its capitalization has been increased nearly \$148,000,000. On the basis of earnings, the Pennsylvania shares look cheaper. (2) The earnings of St. Paul would justify increased dividends. It has a large available surplus and during the past two years has earned about nine per cent. per annum on its capital stock.

"H." Minneapolis: Subscription received and preference given. Cannot advise on grain. (2) If you wait long enough you will eventually cover without loss, but it is too precarious a market to sell short at this time. (3) Your Southern Pacific should give you a profit, and I would not wait too long to take it. (4) Your dollar has probably gone the way of a good many others that have been coaxed out by similar propositions from "financial barometers."

"I." Farmingdale, L. I.: Subscription received. You are on the preferred list. (1) I would not sacrifice the St. Paul. It is a good property and its dividends will help carry it. On an active market, it is likely to advance as much as anything else. It is not improbable that we shall have spasms of activity and perhaps occasional sharp advances. Missouri Pacific is also liable to maintain its strength until the Gould combination is disclosed.

"Banker." Nashville, Tenn.: The Jersey Central collateral four per cent. 50-year gold bonds now being offered at 95½ and interest, were issued to provide part of the cost to the Reading of its purchase of a majority of the capital stock of the New Jersey Central. They are secured by a Collateral Trust Indenture, pledging the New Jersey Central shares and shares of the Perkiomen Railroad and of the Port Reading. These bonds are redeemable on six months' notice, on any interest day after April 1st, 1906, at 105 and interest. I regard them as a fair security, but not gilt-edged.

"S." Cincinnati, O.: Subscription received and preference given. None of the low-priced stocks you mention is safe to trade in. Reorganizations and assessments may make it expensive. You would be wiser to deal in cheap dividend-paying stocks, like American Ice common, or in cheap railroad stocks having merit, like Kansas City Southern common and Toledo, St. Louis and Western common. I would only purchase on reactions, as prices are generally high. (2) Rubber common and American Can common have both reached a level that invites trading, though neither represents intrinsic value.

"G." Seneca Falls, N. Y.: Subscription received and preference given. The earnings of M., K. & T. would not justify the payment of dividends on the preferred. The large interest the Rockefeller have in the road has led many to believe that eventually, after they had expended earnings liberally for improvements, they would put the preferred on a dividend-paying basis. It sold last year as low as 37. Its earnings have been and will be affected by the extensive drought. The proposed Gould combination would no doubt be helpful to it. In these times I would always take a reasonable profit.

"O. K." Chicago, Ill.: Amer. Can was sold by the promoters to insiders at par for the preferred, with a share of common as a bonus. The stock has fallen much below the price at which it was originally dealt out. The hope that the United States Steel would take it in has been its mainstay, and some believe that the United States Steel has been picking up the shares on the decline. In that event, the shares should have greater value. Of course there is always danger of opposition springing up in any part of the industrial field. It might be well to even up the cost by making purchases after a sharp reaction. (2) Southern Pacific makes an excellent report of its earnings and is cheap, as compared with some of the other Pacific stocks.

"H." Ashtabula, O.: "Hathaway & Co." are not "Charles Hathaway & Co." bankers of New York City, who are rated very high by the mercantile agencies, and I alluded to this latter firm when, on November 28th last, I said that "Hathaway & Co. are rated very high and have an excellent reputation." Inadvertently, the name Charles was omitted in this statement. I do not care to endorse Hathaway & Co. or their methods. I observe that they have quoted "Jasper" as giving Hathaway & Co. a good rating. They have no right to do this now, and if any of my readers have been misled in the matter I deeply regret it. (2) I do not believe in it. (3) Yes, I would sell. (4) They have a good rating. (5) All real estate around New York is increasing in value. You may have to wait some time for returns. I thank you for calling my attention to the Hathaway matter.

February 1st, 1902.

JASPER.

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Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

THE ANNUAL report of the Prudential Insurance Company, just written, is a remarkable document. It is scarcely comprehended that this great company insures the lives of more than one million families, and that it has nearly 4,500,000 policies in force, covering life insurance, aggregating more than \$703,000,000. During the past year, this company wrote and placed more than \$273,000,000 of insurance and it has paid to its policy-holders during the past twenty-six years more than \$58,000,000. Life insurance is becoming more popular every day, and the time has come when every responsible head of a family sees to it that some provision, in the nature of an insurance policy, is made to his family. The Prudential, under the splendid and energetic business management of its president, Senator John F. Dryden, has made a specialty of placing small policies within the reach of every person. The success with which it has carried on this business for so many years has constantly strengthened public confidence in it, until the Prudential has grown into one of the strongest of all the old-line companies. The excellence of the work it has done deserves this special mention.

"R." New York: I am making inquiries for you.

"L." Calumet, Mich.: I am awaiting the arrival of the literature you have forwarded.

"S." Berwick, Penn.: (1) The paid-up life, twenty years, with an endowment clause, ought to be very satisfactory. (2) The Equitable or Prudential.

"R." New York: It is a new company, with some good names in its board of directors, but its managing man is a Chicago individual with a bad record in the insurance world.

"Anxious." Philadelphia: It is impossible in all cases to comply with your request. In some instances there are reasons why it would not be judicious to do so. The company's standing may be questionable, but it may be difficult to absolutely prove that fact.

"B." Hampton, Ia.: The Mutual Reserve proposes to reincorporate as a legal reserve life company and to abandon its assessment insurance plan, in which I have never believed and which finally proved very troublesome to the association. This is a step in the right direction, but not a very easy one to take. Life insurance men are watching it with much interest. It might be advisable to wait a short time longer and see what the company proposes to do when it has thus been reorganized. You have had an expensive experience, but still can afford to wait two or three months, within which period, it is said, the reincorporation will be effected.

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Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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Florida.

TWO WEEKS' TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The first Pennsylvania Railroad tour of the season to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington by special train on February 4th.

Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, \$50.00; Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington, \$48.00; Pittsburgh, \$53.00; and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information apply to ticket agents, or to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Work Among the Lowly.

THERE ARE few, if any, philanthropic institutions in the world where good seed sown by kindly hands is certain to bear a richer and more abundant harvest than the asylums and other institutions where poor and friendless children are gathered in to be sheltered and educated until homes are found for them or they can care for themselves. Little ones thus rescued from want and suffering often grow to be among our most eminent and useful men and women. This applies to the children cared for in the New York Juvenile Asylum, where an organization under the auspicious name of the "Happy Home Society" was recently formed by Colonel J. W. Vrooman to bring added cheer into the lives of these little people, and to give them a brighter outlook for the future. Through this society the children have had several eventful days, which have given them not only occasional treats, but a feeling that the outside world is interested in them, a most valuable factor in the cultivation of self-respect and manly character. More than 35,000 children have been sheltered by this asylum during the fifty years of its existence, and more than 6,000 have been provided with homes. In this connection a pleasant incident is related which happened at the last national Republican convention in Philadelphia. At this gathering Colonel Vrooman met one of the delegates at large from the state of Illinois, Hon. John J. Brown, of Vandavia. During the convention the two were invited to address a Philadelphia Sunday-school in which reference was made by one speaker to the good work of providing poor boys with western homes and the resultant opportunities of becoming useful citizens. To the surprise of Mr. Vrooman, Mr. Brown turned to him and said: "I know all about that work, as I am one of the New York Juvenile Asylum boys."

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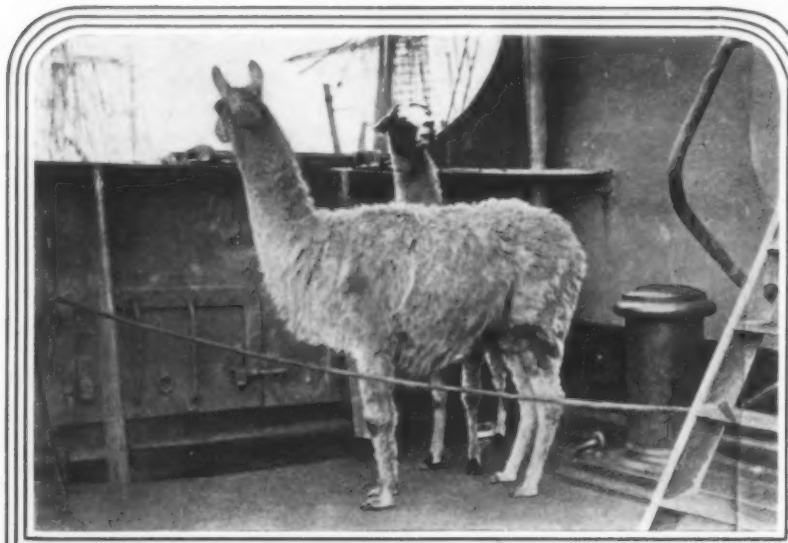


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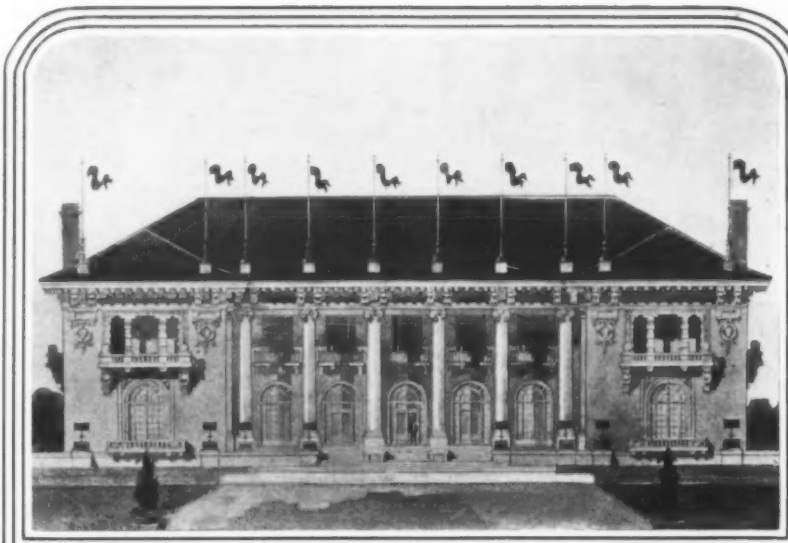
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PLAN FOR FIRST COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' BUILDING, ST. LOUIS FAIR, 1903.

Making Baskets by the Billion.

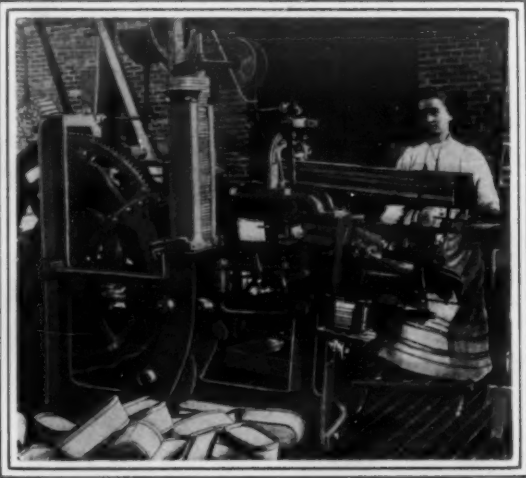
IT WAS a watchmaker, Ottmar Mergenthaler, and not, as would seem more appropriate, a printer, who invented the linotype, a machine which gave a new life to the business of printing and of making newspapers. This same watchmaker during the last year of his life turned his remarkable ingenuity in a new direction and produced another marvelous mechanical triumph. This time it is a simple machine for making fruit baskets. Just as type had always been set by hand before the linotype was invented, fruit baskets have hitherto been produced purely by manual labor. A young woman operating one of the new basket-making machines can perform as much work as twelve men making baskets by the old hand method. In this fact lies the efficiency of this new and wonderful machine.

The number of fruit baskets used annually in the United States is something enormous—more than two billion baskets. In these baskets are packed many more billions of peaches, grapes, and berries and other fruit, and after they are emptied of their contents these baskets are burned or thrown aside, so that when the new crops come again there is again a demand for more billions of baskets.

And in keeping with the enormous number of baskets used is the capacity of the new machine for making them. Each is a comparatively small and condensed structure of wheels, cog-wheels and steel bars. The machine is fed long strips of thin wood, which pass through an avenue of knives and clutches and clamps, and are thrown out complete baskets. This process is carried on with almost inconceivable rapidity, like the printing of newspapers.

The invention of Ottmar Mergenthaler, and the previous inventions of Emmett Horton, provide machines under the control of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket-Machine Company, which will revolutionize basket-making in this country. The grape-basket machines have a capacity of about 4,000 per day, and the berry-basket machine a capacity of 12,000 per day, or twenty baskets a minute. This speed is almost beyond understanding, but is to be greatly increased by new discoveries just made by Emmett Horton.

The result of the superiority of these inventions will be that no one can remain long in the business of manufacturing baskets without using them. It was so with the cotton-gin and the linotype. And the probability is, too, that the inventions must increase very largely the use of baskets for packing purposes, because it makes their production a more simple matter. This in turn will necessitate the increase in the supply of wood used for basket making. The Mergenthaler-Horton Basket-Making Machine Company, which controls exclusively all inventions for basket-making machines, has negotiated for several large tracts in various States, where there is now growing the exact kind of timber required, and the company proposes to set up its own mills for the purpose of preparing the veneers and strips of wood for its various factories.



WITH THIS GRAPE-BASKET MACHINE ONE GIRL DOES THE WORK OF TWELVE MEN.

And so these machines are going into the broad field of the world to get control of one of its great industries.

It is the purpose of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Company to construct 1,000 of the machines. Locations have been selected in the different fruit districts where timber is present and shipping facilities best, and the machines will be set up and the manufacture of baskets started. Thus the company proposes to grasp the whole situation, asserting at once the superiority of its inventions. Not one machine will be owned excepting by this one company, and not one will be rented or sold on a royalty for the use of any other company. The Mergenthaler-Horton Company, instead, proposes to place its stock with the people and offers it for investment at 25 cents for one-dollar shares. No subscription received amounting to less than \$25. The office of H. H. Warner, president of the company, is at 287 Broadway, where all inquiries will be answered and stock subscriptions received.

OLIVER SHEDD.

Ode to a Peanut

OH, the peanut, with its racket,
As you crack it,
Has a cheerful sound to back it
As it leaps from dusky shell;
Whether fingers trim attack it,
Or dimpled fists do thwack it,
Or first-thing-handly whack it
From its cozy, silk-lined cell!

WHETHER roasted, candied, salted,
It is exalted;
Lives there one who knows it faulted,
If he but the truth will tell?
Lives there one who has not halted,
With olfactories assaulted
(Unless nickels have defaulted)
By the roasting peanut's smell?

BUT when 'round the table brightly,
Ever brightly,
Goes the chaff and laughter lightly,
When the gay ones "forfeits" sell;
Then the peanut, roasted quietly,
Beats all other 'freshments, slightly,
Save a loving glance, and sprightly
Lift of lips to pay one well.

CHARLES McILVAINE.

The Travelers' Building at St. Louis.

THE TRAVELERS' Protective Association will pay the compliment to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of erecting the first building ever constructed for the use of a traveling men's organization at a world's fair. When the traveling men were called upon by the finance committee representing the world's fair authorities and asked to contribute \$50,000 to the general fund, their reply was that they would make it \$100,000, which they raised to \$107,000, and this was the first outside subscription.

The dimensions of the building are: Length, 176 feet; wings, 80 feet in length. The lounging-room, billiard room, dining-room, and assembly hall are each 32x72 feet. The architect is Mr. Louis LaBeaume, son of Mr. L. T. LaBeaume, the national secretary of the association. The design and plans are a gift to the association by the architect.

An Exportation of Llamas.

A VERY CURIOUS load of deck passengers arrived in San Francisco the other day on the Hamburg-American steamer Nicaria. They were no less than seven llamas from the Peruvian Andes—animals so very valuable at home for their soft wool and for their services as beasts of burden that their export is prohibited by the Peruvian government. These were exported through the courtesy of the government, and are destined for menageries.

The llama is a second cousin to the camel, only that he is much smaller and humpless. In prehistoric times the ancestors of the llama were common in California and Colorado. In temperament the llama is something like the mule. He is terribly obstinate and has a deadly sneeze, which is a sure shot and warranted to ingulf any target at fifty yards. While on the Nicaria's deck one of the llamas was prodded by a smart Aleck with an umbrella. The beast's lip began to quiver, but the umbrella wielder persisted, and after the sneeze the llama's tormentor went below and took a bath.

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for infants, physicians agree that cow's milk is the basis for all beginnings. What is required then, is the best possible milk product. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is ideal, pure, sterile and guarded against contamination.

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Sporting Queries Answered.

JOHN MAGINS, BALTIMORE.—There is such a game as you mention, but some people who have tried it do not think it worth the trouble. Each card in each suit is designated by a letter. After studying the key carefully, two men can communicate with each other by arranging certain cards in front of them.

G. E. STEVENS, BOSTON.—Cresceus, the champion trotter, made his record at Columbus, O., in August, last year. Time by quarters—29 $\frac{3}{4}$, 59 $\frac{3}{4}$, 1:30 $\frac{3}{4}$, and the mile in 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$.

J. S. OLCOTT, ST. LOUIS.—Most of the bouts are fought under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. No wrestling or hugging is allowed. The rounds are of three minutes' duration, with one minute intermission. A man on one knee is considered down and must not be struck.

WILLIAM OWENS.—The football game between Yale and Princeton in 1886 ended in a draw. Yale, accordingly, continued to hold the championship. To secure a championship the champions must be beaten.

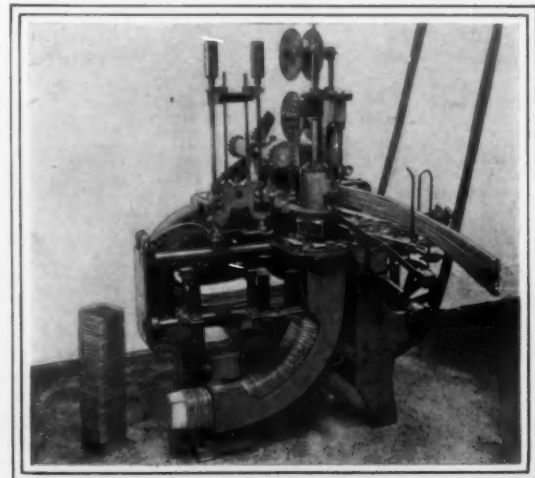
CONSTANT READER, LOUISVILLE.—Several men have made 100 yards in 9:3-5 seconds. Wefers made his record at Washington and Maybury at Chicago.

MARY ABREY, SAN FRANCISCO.—Charles Kilpatrick, the professional trick bicycle rider, rode down the Capitol steps at Washington and claims that no other man has ever done it. Kilpatrick has only one leg. G. E. S.

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(Pack.)

**The New
Yale-Harvard
Athletic
Agreement**

By HUBERT M. SEDGWICK

AMONG COLLEGE men the signing of a long-term athletic agreement between Yale and Harvard

which will be embodied in the new, is likely to be a more specific statement of an eligibility committee and its functions. Harvard wishes an intercollegiate board of arbitration appointed, whose decision in disputed cases shall be final. Yale is satisfied with the present specifications for the appointment of a committee, but would prefer to have a more explicit understanding relative to its application to doubtful athletics.

No students or alumni of Yale or Harvard have been found who do not wish the agreement renewed. Even under the stress of the Cutts case no Yale man went so far as to express a wish to stop meeting Harvard. This case has gone on record as the most unique in intercollegiate athletics.

Were Yale and Harvard members of an intercollegiate league team the game would be thrown out from the season's record. Harvard would, however, have won the game without Cutts because of the injured and overtrained condition of the Yale team. The Cutts case has given, on the part of Harvard, an object lesson in sincerity which has inspired the college world with respect for the motives and determination to play only eligible athletics. The manly act of the Harvard athletic committee has elevated amateur sport throughout America. It will always be a question whether it required greater moral courage for Harvard, after her greatest football victory over Yale, to declare that the most valuable and effective player on her team in that game was a professional, or for Yale to take from her own team the week before the Harvard game, two days before the Princeton game, Edgar T. Glass, the strongest player, because he infringed a rule whose wording was not clear.

Not a word concerning Cutts' eligibility was spoken till two weeks before the Yale-Harvard game. Suddenly rumors sprang up that he had coached a preparatory school football eleven for three years and had also been a gymnastic instructor. This was noised in the newspapers just a week before the game. Yale, however, had no proof of Cutts' eligibility till two days before the game, when George Stillman, the head football coach, went to Harvard and presented to Professor Ira Hollis, chairman of the Harvard athletic committee, a catalogue of the Haverford, Penn., school, where Cutts taught for three years. In this he was listed formally as "instructor in mathematics and physical culture." The Harvard athletic committee held the matter in abeyance till noon on the day of the game, sending Captain Wendell of the Harvard baseball nine to Haverford, where he secured the affidavit of Principal Crossman, of the school in which Cutts taught, to the effect that Cutts had never received a cent for teaching physical culture, but that he was engaged simply as instructor in mathematics. Cutts was declared eligible and played a magnificent game. Three weeks afterward a receipt given by Cutts to a Haverford boy for boxing lessons was placed at the disposal of the Harvard athletic committee, which met, formally declared Cutts a professional of several years' standing and officially notified Yale, and all the other colleges Cutts played against, of their decision.

"WHAT A fool I have been," said Lord Chancellor Thurlow, of England, at the age of fifty. "I have wasted half of my lifetime without knowing the enjoyment and instruction I have missed." The remark was made after he had read his first novel.

SENATOR HEITFELD, of Idaho, has a fund of quiet wit. Senator Hoar recently asked him if he expected to have opposition when he came up for re-election. "I should say so," was his quick reply. "There isn't a man in Idaho but wants to be a Senator. That's what makes life worth living out west."

has the importance of a national presidential election. The college world is fully as upset, athletic schedules are held up, and every school in the country discusses the terms of the new agreement and the chances of it not being signed at all. The two men to whom are entrusted the task of signing the bond for the two leading American universities are in the public eye in an international sense even.

A year ago Yale proposed to Harvard to renew the agreement months before it expired. Harvard declined and the renewal has rested till recently. Plans to renew it have been complicated the past few weeks by the sense of deep grief felt at Yale by the presence on the Harvard football eleven of Oliver F. Cutts, the football tackle. What Yale regarded as convincing proofs of his professionalism were not deemed condemnatory by the Harvard athletic committee, and Cutts was sent into the game, only to confess his professionalism two weeks ago to the Harvard athletic committee, who finally announced the fact to the college world. This announcement removed the source of irritation between Yale and Harvard, and the athletic leaders resumed negotiations for signing an agreement, which will go further than anything else to give peace and stability to college athletics throughout the United States. Within a fortnight the new treaty's probable terms have been discussed by the most prominent of the alumni of Yale and Harvard till each university now knows exactly what it wants. The two universities are so harmonious that there seems now no reason to fear a deadlock when the decisive conference is held. The signing of the new treaty will be more than a mere formality, but both Yale and Harvard are in a mood to make mutual concessions.

Yale-Harvard dual long-term athletic agreements are of comparatively recent origin. The first on record is in the track athletics. It was signed in 1891. This was arranged between four alumni, two from each university, who offered a beautiful trophy cup to the winner of five track meets. Harvard in 1900 obtained permanent possession of the cup after having secured five victories to three for Yale. Another cup was immediately offered under conditions which were exact duplicates of the first and which assure track contests between the two universities for at least five and perhaps nine years.

The present five-year general agreement in athletics was the first of its kind. It was signed at Cambridge February 13th, 1897. Walter Camp, from Yale, and William A. Brooks, Jr., from Harvard, were the signers. Mr. Camp has been Yale's general athletic adviser, and, in a sense, director for fifteen years. Mr. Brooks had been a member of the Harvard athletic committee. The agreement was brief, sweeping, and general. It stated that there should be annual contests in rowing, track athletics, football, and baseball for five years, agreeing that the contests, except rowing, should take place on college grounds and that the gate receipts should be equally divided. It called for the appointment of an eligibility committee to decide all disputed cases and disagreements relating to the dual games.

The agreement, after it was adopted by Messrs. Brooks and Camp, was ratified by the universities. It went into effect March 1st, 1897, and will expire March 1st, 1902. Before that time, all indications agree, the new agreement will be signed and will be ready to become operative the minute the old one loses its force. It is generally expected that the new agreement will be signed by February 1st. Walter Camp will again be the Yale representative. For Harvard, Professor Ira N. Hollis, chairman of the athletic committee, will be the official signer.

The chief addition to the old agreement,



WALTER CAMP,
Yale athletic advisor.
(Phelps.)

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